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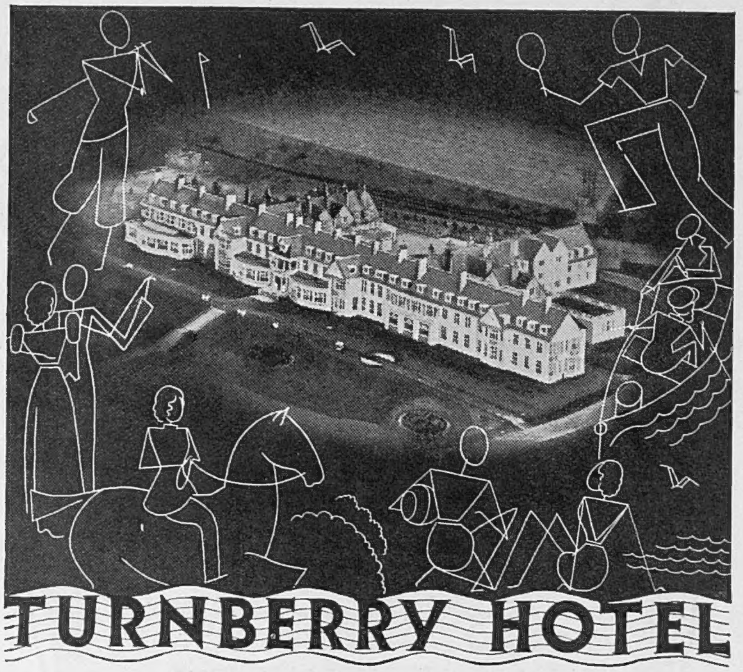

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The Sketch

No. 2156.—Vol. CLXVI. WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

PRINCESS VON BISMARCK IN HER COURT DRESS.

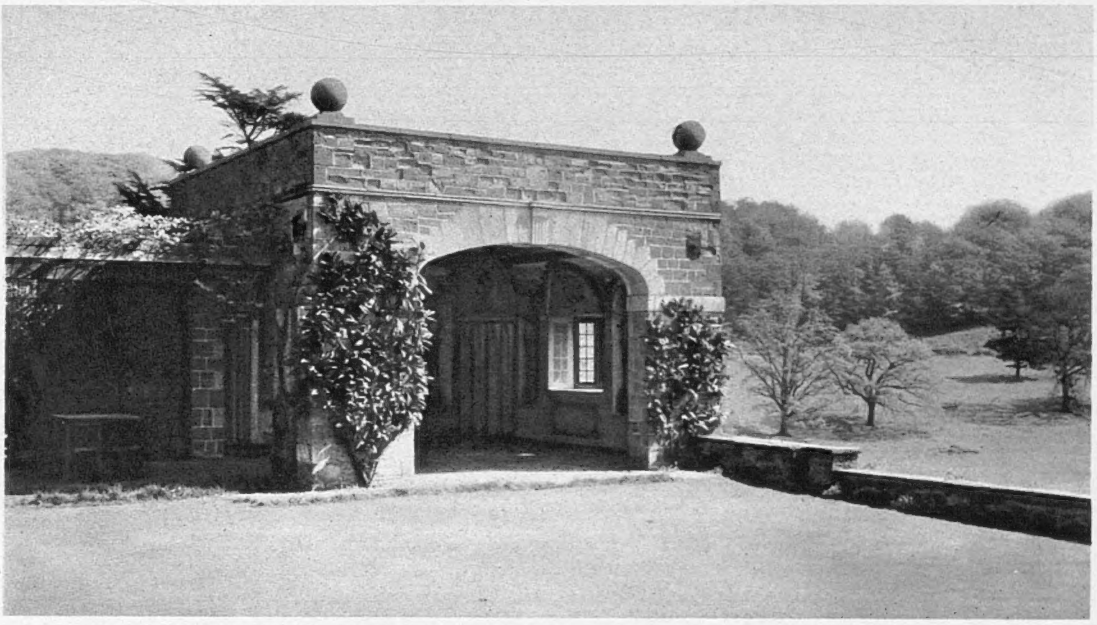
PRINCESS OTTO VON BISMARCK, the wife of Prince Otto von Bismarck, Counsellor of the German Embassy, was one of the most beautiful women at the first Court. She is Swedish by birth and has lovely blonde hair, which is seen to advantage when she wears her large diamond tiara and Court feathers. She was Miss Anne Marie Tengbom, and married Prince von Bismarck in 1928.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

WANTED—A MUZZLING-ORDER!

WE are a patient people. We constantly say so, and we ought to know! We are patient not because we are naturally more virtuous than poor, uncivilised foreigners who shout and wave their hands about when things go wrong, but because we have, on the whole, fewer things to be patient about than some of our neighbours. Our merit lies not in our beautiful, saint-like character, but in the fact that we are fairly skilful and efficient in not putting too much strain on our characters—at all events, in matters of public arrangement and general convenience. If we had to wait all day in a queue for the necessaries of life, we probably should not be half as patient as the Russians; but, with our brutal, wicked capitalist system we have so far avoided having to wait all day in a queue for the necessaries of life. No doubt it is very wrong of us, and we may not be so fortunate when the Millennium arrives; but in the meantime one cannot help being rather glad to be spared this valuable exercise in patience. One is only sorry that there are so many people who have to be patient waiting for work, for work is one of those things which make you very impatient when you 've got it and still more impatient when you haven't got it. It is a horribly lop-sided thing, work; there is always too much or too little of it. In that respect it resembles a woman's figure—at least, according to the opinions I have heard from every woman I have ever known, though those opinions have frequently been far from the truth.



This is THE MARLBOROUGH LOGGIA, at Mr. Winston Churchill's lovely country place, Chartwell, in Kent, which has been decorated inside by his nephew, Mr. John Churchill, with paintings of their famous ancestor Marlborough, some contemporary figures, and battle-scenes. Mr. John Churchill is making quite a name for himself as a painter of mural decorations. The last big piece of work he did was a Florentine scene in Mr. "Chips" Channon's flat, showing eighty of his friends. We published photographs of this in 1932. On the facing page are details of the interior of the Marlborough Loggia.

It would be tedious to enumerate the things with which we, as a people, are patient, though the list would be interesting. I wish to mention only one conspicuous example. Why are we so patient with our speakers, especially our after-dinner speakers?

The other night I attended a dinner at which five persons spoke. Let me describe them; I will attempt to do so with impartiality and moderation. The first was a distinguished public personage, known all over Europe. I suppose he has made, in his time, thousands of public speeches, and, naturally, what he said was not entirely without interest; yet he displayed faults which one would have expected the junior member of a parish Debating Society to avoid. Thus—(*a*) it was obvious that he had not prepared what he was going to say, beyond scratching together a few loose ideas without any real plan of presenting them to his audience; (*b*) consequently, he rambled on quite regardless of time, and all that he said in forty minutes could have been said, and better said, in ten; (*c*) although he was addressing a large hall full of people, and although he was accustomed to addressing audiences of all sizes, he spoke as if he were talking to a dozen people in a drawing-room.

Next came one of our proconsuls, holding an important post in one of those places on which the sun never sets. His matter was excellent, so much of it as reached the listener; but, in spite of long experience, he had never corrected an elementary fault of delivery—he began upon a loud and booming note, and then fell into a steep *diminuendo*, so that the last half-dozen words of every sentence that he spoke were completely inaudible to nine-tenths of his hearers.

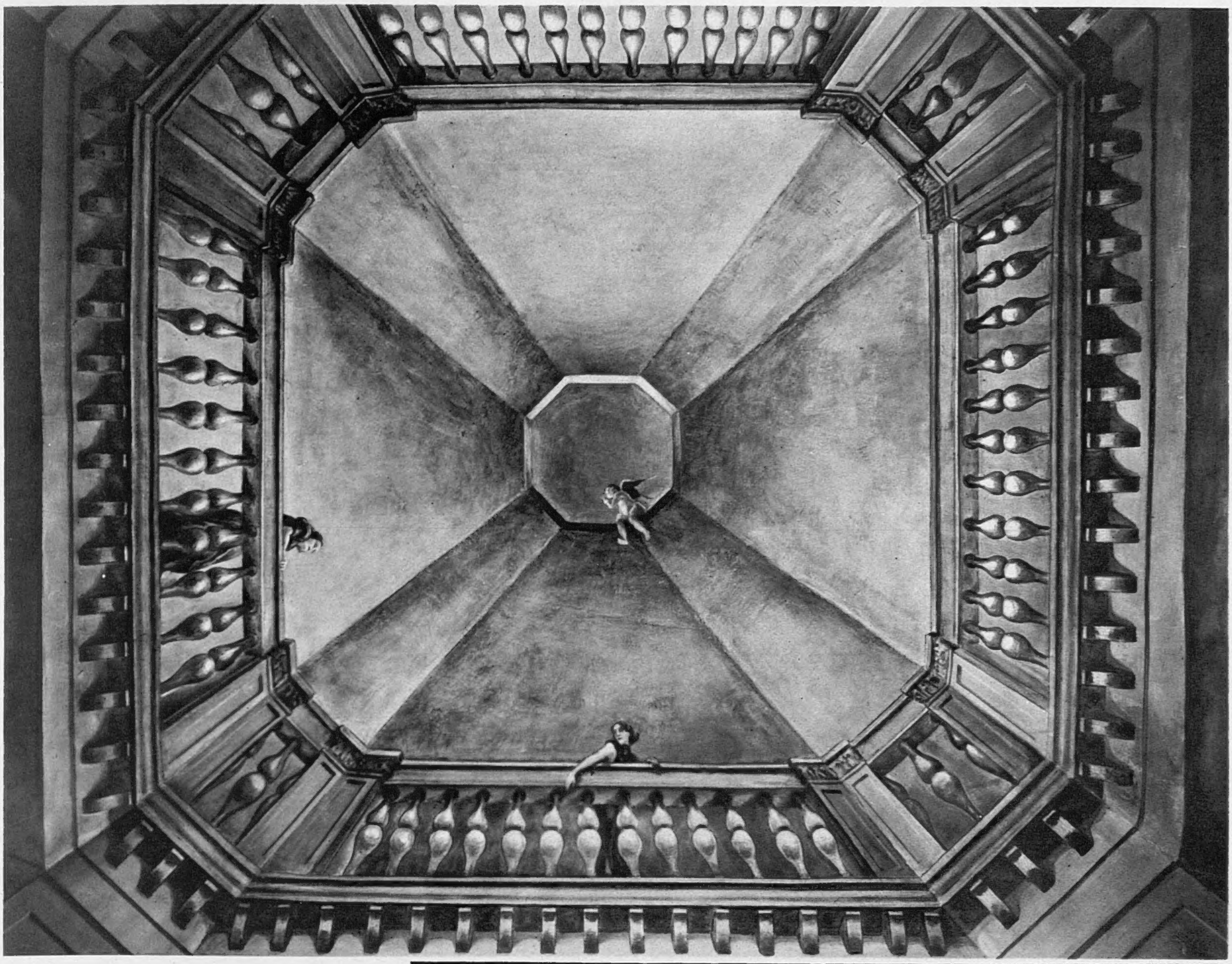
The next speaker was just a bore, who would have been a bore in any circumstances. He could not, I suppose, help being a bore and telling a series of unfunny anecdotes, but what struck me was that, although he was a learned professor who had been talking to audiences all his life, he had not the faintest idea of any technique in his job. He was just as crude and clumsy as the scourge who is "unaccustomed to public speaking."

Then came a Distinguished Civil Servant—"if" (as has been observed) "the epithet is not superfluous." It is only fair to him to say that by this time we were all smarting under our afflictions, and perhaps we were not the most receptive type of audience. However, I don't think he need have paused for what seemed an eternity between each sentence, and I don't think he need have gone on for half an hour referring to, and then ignoring, "this late hour." What he said I have not the least idea, for at this point I began to drown my sorrows in port. As is usual on these occasions, it was the kind of port which is only fit to drown things in.

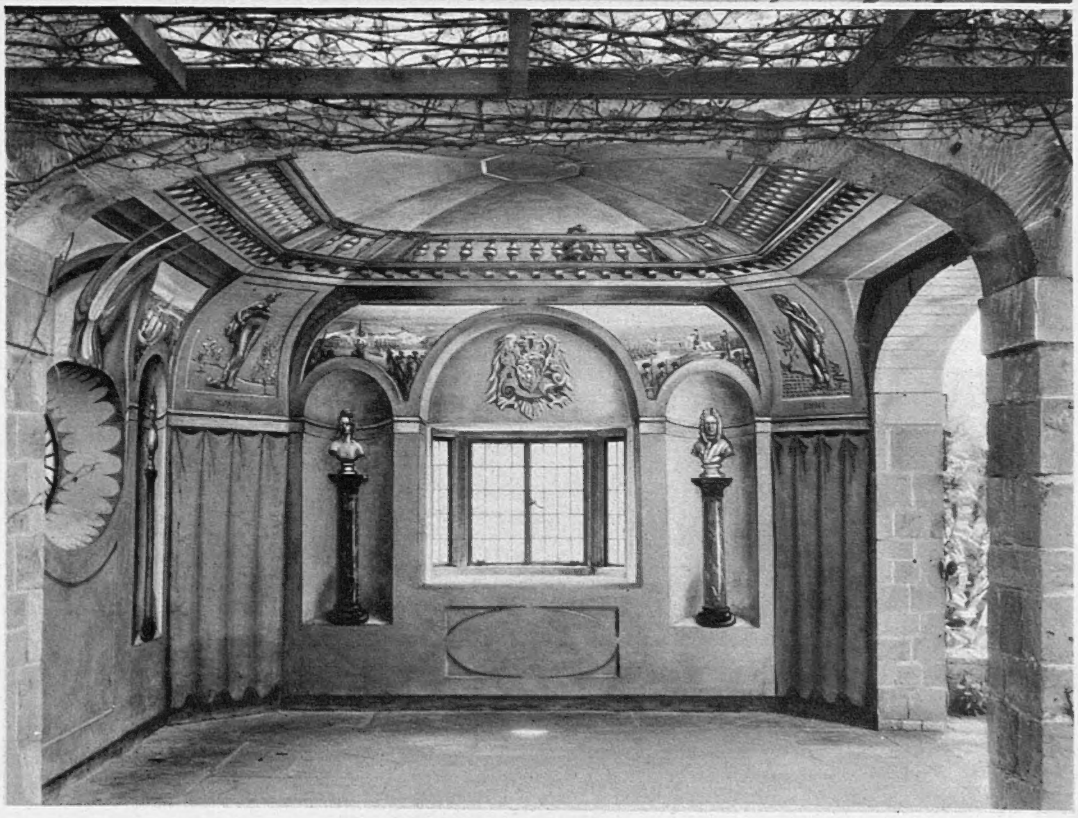
The fourth orator was a young Member of Parliament who was at least audible and reasonably brief, and who would have been a bright spot in a miserable evening if he had really thought out, even for half an hour, what he was going to say, instead of relying on a natural fluency. The last speaker did not matter; he had only a few formal things to utter, and, so great was the relief that the ordeal was ending, nobody minded his addressing his remarks, in a sort of low mutter, to his lowest waistcoat button.

Now, I do not think these are unrepresentative specimens of British public speaking. Test the matter in the House of Commons! For my sins, I have listened, in my time, to many hundreds of after-dinner speeches, and I have formed some definite conclusions. (1) Good, or even fairly good, speakers, who have taken the trouble to learn their job, are extremely uncommon. (2) Good speeches, with very rare exceptions, can be made only by careful preparation. (3) Hardly any speakers know how to gauge their time. It is a sound principle for any public speaker, when he has prepared his material, to cut it down by half. (4) Innumerable public speakers learn nothing whatever from practice and experience. They may acquire a certain fluency, but hundreds of them never learn such elementary matters as to hold themselves decently, to get their ideas into order, and to enunciate clearly, and to *speak up*.

Nowhere else would our standard of oratory be tolerated. Our silence may be golden, but our speech is inferior electro-plate. People would not dare to speak in France, Italy, Germany, or America as badly as they do in England. We suffer these fools too gladly. Instead of being patient with them, we ought to throw bananas and pears, or, if necessary, syphons and decanters, at them. Then they might buck up, and learn something about their business.



The "gallery" painted on the vaulted ceiling of the loggia; with the figures of Mr. Churchill's two daughters, Mrs. Bailey (left) and Miss Sarah Churchill (right), overlooking the exploits of their great ancestor.



MR. JOHN CHURCHILL'S latest achievement is a very fascinating frescoed saga of the famous family ancestor, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, in Mr. Winston Churchill's garden loggia at Chartwell, Westerham, Kent. The lower picture shows ingeniously painted busts, in painted niches, of the Duke (to right of window) and Queen Anne (left), upon whose accession he was appointed Captain-General of all H.M.'s forces in England. Above them are paintings of one of Marlborough's greatest victories—the battle of Blenheim (1704); while above the "bust" of the redoubtable Prince Eugène, general and diplomat, and Marlborough's friend (extreme left), is a picture of the battle of Oudenarde (1708). Over the painted curtains are symbolic figures of four great rivers which played a part in Marlborough's military achievements—the Rhine, the Danube, the Moselle, and the Meuse. The general colour impression is of marble; with battle-scenes and ceiling portraits in bright relief.

(Right) A general view of the frescoed walls of the loggia.

FAMOUS ANCESTOR FRESCOES IN MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S GARDEN.

THE MARLBOROUGH LOGGIA: ITS PAINTINGS BY JOHN CHURCHILL.

LONDON ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

YOUTH. Mrs. Peter Martineau and her husband had a successful house-warming, Miss Virginia Clark a successful first sherry-party, and Mrs. Denis Russell a successful reappearance after the birth of Tony. She

The Bier-Garten was a feature of the International Ball, held at the Dorchester under the auspices of the League of Nations Union. LADY PATRICIA MACKAY and MISS DIANA MILLS were two of the débutantes "on duty" in German peasant costumes. Lady Patricia is Lord Inchcape's débutante daughter.

The HON. JOHN WHYTE-MELVILLE SKEFFINGTON and LADY SCONE were photographed when intent on the "fishing" game which was one of the successful side shows at the International Ball. Mr. Skeffington is the only son of Lord and Lady Massereene; and Lady Scone is the wife of Lord Mansfield's M.P. son.

LADY ALINGTON is here seen at supper at the International Ball, with VISCOUNT and VISCOUNTESS NUNBURNHOLME and a friend. Lady Nunburnholme was Lady Mary Thynne.

was Verena Henderson and remains exceptionally pretty. Equally among débutantes, Virginia Clark stands out with Garbo-length brown hair and faun-like grace. Even so, she 's not as pretty as her mother. Débutantes never are. When Mrs. Stewart Johnston and Mrs. Coudert received hundreds of their daughters' friends at a combined cocktail-party, it was evident that attractive Florrie Owen and Eileen Watson undoubtedly are—the Mammas won on features and poise. The latter is an un-English quality rife in America, on the Continent, and in first novels.

Guests at this party included Lord and Lady Louth, who enjoy life more than any older married couple we know. Miss Dorothy Fane, fair and pink-cheeked, whose dance is on Ascot Tuesday; Miss Vivienne Parker, still rather worried about her mother, Lady Lever, whom overnight she has grown exactly like; and Gwenneth Butler.

Most of these pretties, and many more, were at Claridge's for the Richmond Temple dance—a monster in size and "beautifully done," as the *cliché* is. By the time we arrived, after Edna Best's come-back opposite fascinating Basil Sydney, who has nearly ousted Lunt from our girlish heart, the host was receiving unaided, his wife and step-daughter, Marie McRae Smith, having left him for younger men (on his own testimony) and the dance-floor. Marie was a ravishing vision in not too ingenuous pale pink, very tight-skirted, her great height and healthy golden looks showing to advantage. We also admired Nan McGowan for nearly the same reasons, plus a white ostrich cape. The best dresses were worn by Miss Liza Maugham (faintly spangled and crisp as frost) and Bridgett Poulett, whose brother, George, never ceased talking and dancing—a feat on feet. Sorry!

This being our first dance of the year, we were delighted to find it exactly the same as our first dance ever. The same rooms (plus the new ball-room), the same chattering groups round the doors, the same dowagers or their doubles, and the same excellent supper. We were always fonder of supper than of dancing to London bands. Mrs. Andreae, with her third daughter, Chris, was a welcome reminder of the days when Peggy (Mrs. Victor Mallett) and Sophie (Mrs. Terence Shone, who spends Saturday afternoons in Richmond Park with her small son and small car) were the best movers on the floor. Lord and Lady Elibank and Lord and Lady St. John of Bletso looked exactly the same as ever, at the High Table, of course, with King George of Greece and their hostess in sapphires. In our day there was also a king or two, but we don't remember chaperons bringing their knitting. Sir Percy Simmonds led us to admire one who, oblivious to the heat, was completing a heavy woollen golf sock in time to the music. His wife looked well. So did Mrs. Jimmy Weir, whose husband has entertainment value. The Tommy Hutchisons brought grown-ups including the Sackvilles, she dancing with Arthur Evans. Sylvia Régis de Oliveira, Bettine Tollemache (whose hair is genuinely auburn and her smile agreeably unrehearsed) Lady Gloria Vaughan, and Miss Diana Bethell were admirable. Diana is a replica of her lovely mother up to a point—the chin—and her way of poking up her head at a listener with a self-deprecatory gentleness is Mrs. Beck over again. She should wear clearer colours. To pretend that Gloria Vaughan rivals Lady Lisburne is absurd, but she owns a pair of melting rather than sparkling black eyes. The young men, like the young men when we were young, showed no sign of being very thrilling mentally, or otherwise. Sitting out, but not together, were Lady Newnes and the Duke of Marlborough, who isn't dancing so much this season.

SPORT. Kempton was warm to torrid, but we never remember a lovelier day, the colours brighter, the horses shinier, or the royal party more Lavery-esque. It was also the first time we 'd seen Ramsay MacDonald in the flesh, an experience shared with Leo Lonsdale, though news-reels have made us "verra, verra weel acquainted." Her Majesty was all-prepared for heat in pastel shades. Others were not, consequently the paddock presented a melting (pot) scene, tweeded beauties

sighing under trees. Lady Linlithgow, with one of her twins, Lady Durham; Lady Rosebery with Lavinia Strutt; Lord Rosebery with an "I Z" band on his boater; Mr. Jimmy Ford with a Brigade band on his boater; Mrs. Euan Wallace very imposing with one of the Wards; and Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy in the perfect summer suit of tailored pale grey tropical hopsack, were on view; also some fair but fickle horses, including Mrs. Glorney's Democrat, who disappointed this unlucky owner by being content with third place.

LIGHTNING SKETCHES. Purple pansies, twelve deep, were much admired near the Royal Box. The wrong people continued to moon round this spot in the worst possible taste, as at Ascot.

Lady Cambridge, after a chat with the King, strolled democratically in the crowd, and had a few words with Mr. Eric Hatry.

Charming summer clothes were worn by Miss Sheila Roche, Mrs. Noble, Mrs. Duller, Miss Rita Berens, Mrs. Cuthbert Stewart, Mrs. "Bill" Garthwaite (printed linen coat and skirt from New York), and Mrs. Lex Wilson, whose dark blue with one touch of white was our favourite.

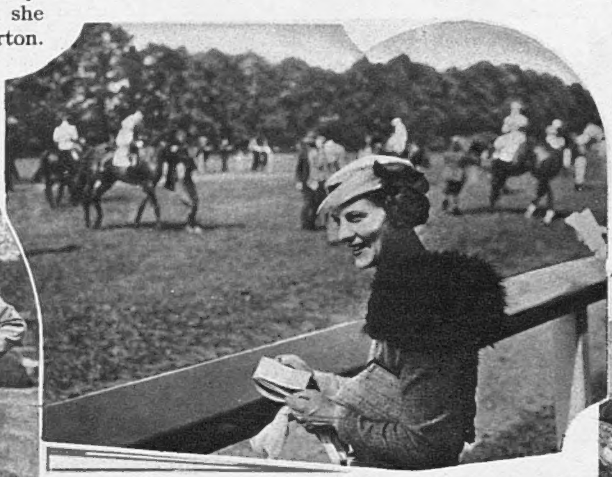
Lady Anne Hunloke wore what was called a "gym djibah" at school, in rock pink over blue. Lady Chichester's skirt had an interesting line. Lady Mar and Kellie looked very young for her years.

Sunshades were carried by others than Edwardians—Mrs. Rennie-Taylour looked a Watteau under hers, and was with her father, Captain C. B. Petre, and sister, Mrs. Ben Fawcett.

Mrs. ("Brownie") Hollway was escorted by both Peter Beatty and Frankie More O'Ferrall. Mrs. (Diana) Ewen had Captain "Mouse" Gurney to look after her.

Miss Irene Cholmondeley, daughter of Lord George (they should hear Nelson Keys as an old-time variety singer doing a Crimean piece about "Captain Chol-mon-de-LAY"), was in a cotton shirt. Mrs. Jocelyn Denison-Pender was the ideal young British Mother of Two—very fresh (not in the U.S. sense), unspoilt, and scarcely more outwardly sophisticated than when she went to Pont Street dances as Camilla Pemberton.

LORD and LADY O'NEILL were at Kempton for the Jubilee. She was Miss Ann Charteris.



MRS. EWEN is here posed watching the horses in the parade ring at Kempton. She and her husband are well known in Suffolk, where his family have been settled since Elizabethan times.

LADY ANNE HUNLOKE (l.), the DUKE OF NORFOLK, and the HON. ESMÉ GLYN were snapped in the paddock at Kempton.

SIR RICHARD SYKES, BT., is here walking with LADY LETTICE COTTERELL, the eldest of Earl Beauchamp's good-looking daughters. Her husband is the son of Sir John Cotterell, Bt. She was married in 1930.

(Left) MRS. RENNIE-TAYLOUR, the eldest of Captain C. B. Petre's trio of daughters, favoured a green and yellow sunshade at Kempton.

In Tattersalls—Lady Elizabeth Murray; also, to our surprise, Keith Miller-Jones, who has never been seen on a course before, and is a high-brow concert addict.

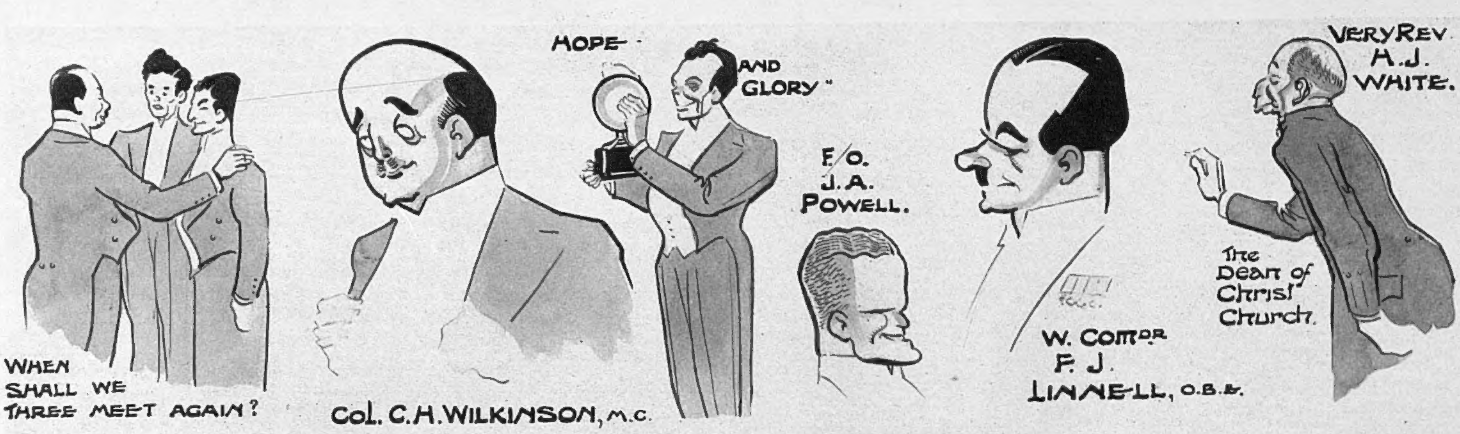
MORE SPORT. At the Park Lane Hotel every good Yellowhammer and his selected partner went to the eleventh annual dance, staying out till five. Several of the corpses revived at Kempton, including the Langlands, the Algy Dawsons, Harry Brown, and "Winchie" Sanderson. This cricket club has a wide membership, so Reunion in London is a treat to watch—the "old boys" slapping each other on the back between refreshments. "My dear fellow, I 'm getting on—we 've got three boys, all at school." Many noted athletes turned up, including V. G. Davies (ex-Captain of the Harlequins), Mrs. Davies (Captain of Sussex Ladies Golf), Miss Mary Williams (second edition Dorchester Follies), Mr. Billy Clyde (ex-Captain, Oxford Ski Team), Captain ("Streamline") Owen, and Tommy Graves from the Rails.

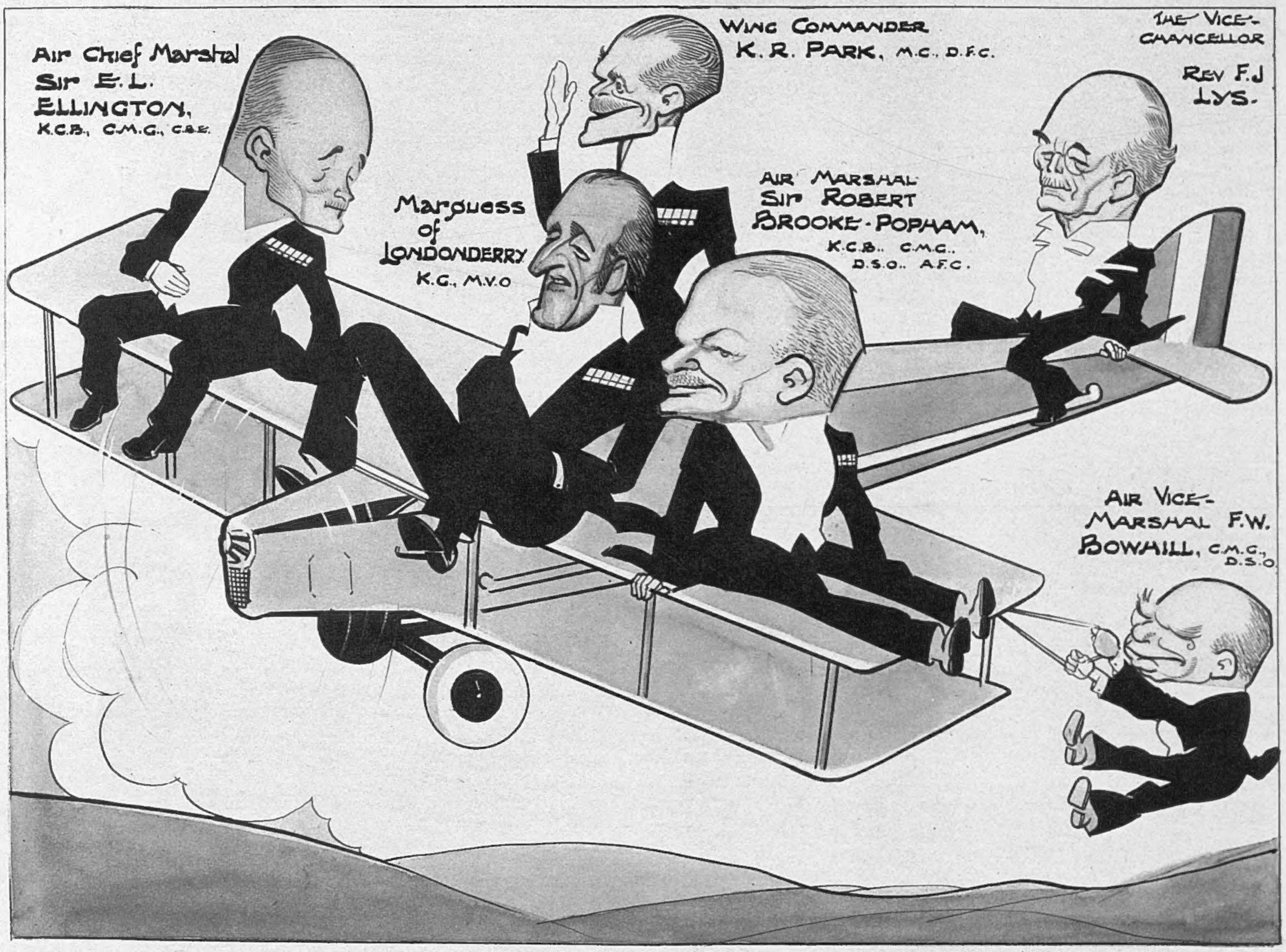
There were also some cricketers. Mr. Leonard Marzetti, Chairman of the Yellowhammers; Mr. Hilder (Kent), G. A. K. Collins (Sussex), J. G. Westray (Leamington), and Peter Adams (Sussex) were visible. The bar was not, being hidden by supporters. Attractive clothes were worn by Mrs. Cecil Langlands (stiffened black lace with mittens), Lena Lloyd (film starlet), Daphne Wedekind (1932 deb.), Mrs. Weston Stevens, and Mrs. Tommy McClintock, daughter-in-law of the great accountant and niece of (Baron) Beaverbrook. Debonair dancer Ivor McLaren and heavy economist Anthony Angas surprised us by owning up to cricketing pasts. Every Yellowhammer has to be a cricketer. Some of the members even play cricket.

PASS OUT. This mystic signal, printed on purple cards, was handed to guests searching for air during these bucolic revels. Things that might have been said differently.

MUSIC. The Finnish National Orchestra, which will play on May 29 at the Queen's Hall, will repeat the experience, but not the programme (selected by Sibelius), on Friday (June 1), and again on the Fourth of June. The cool and Nordic Mrs. Victor Cochrane-Baillie, whose sister, Mrs. John Follett, possesses the most charmingly *retroussé* nose, is on the committee with Mme. de Gripenberg and her Minister husband. These two were among the distinguished diplomatic couples (have you noticed that diplomats are inevitably "distinguished"?) who trod Rosita Forbes's marble hall one pre-Whitsun evening for sherry. Mrs. Fitz-Alan Howard, the Brazilian Ambassador, Lord and Lady Illingworth, and the Japanese Ambassadress mingled.

ART. Matthew Smith, from Manchester, is deemed by Augustus John, Epstein (who has bought fourteen of his pictures), and Dudley Tooth (who has sold most of his output) to be probably the greatest living British artist and certainly the greatest colourist of our age. So it was with excitement that we hustled up Bond Street to the Private View, where Mrs. Epstein and her daughter tried to prevent Jacob from enlarging his collection (fourteen 's as good as a feast in their opinion)—and Miss Isabel Jeans (Mrs. Gilbert Wakefield) considered adding to hers. She possesses one of the pleasantest of Ethel Walker's, and is as unerring a judge of moderns as of contemporary clothes. On this occasion, her revers and gauntlets were striped canvas in sympathy with seasonal awnings.

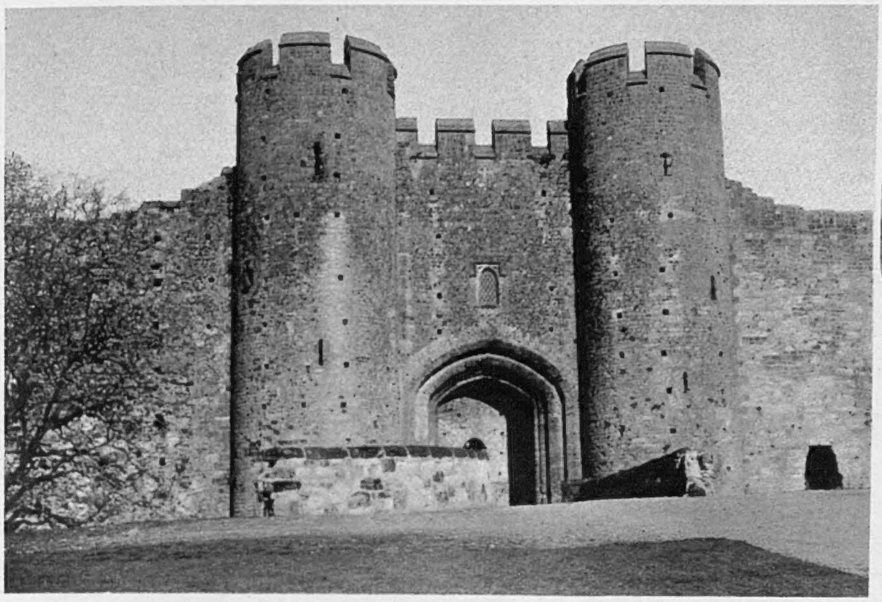




BIRDS OF A DARK BLUE FEATHER: THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY AIR SQUADRON DINNER.

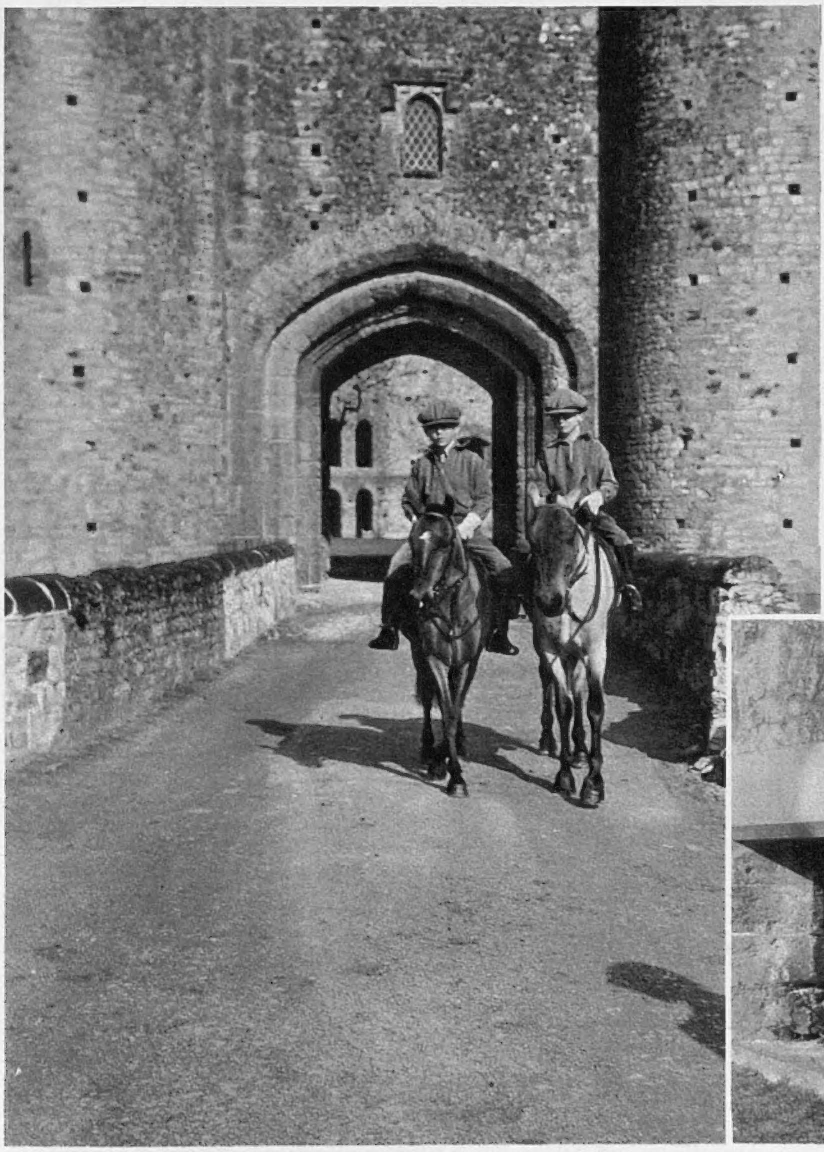
Fred May here reviews some of the "dark blue" birds and other air-aces who reported all present and correct at the seventh annual dinner of the Oxford University Air Squadron. Ninety members wined and dined well out of a possible ninety-five. WING-COMMANDER K. R. PARK is the Commanding Officer and Chief Instructor. SIR A. P. HOPE, Bt., won the Siddeley Trophy for the best performance of the year. The VICE-CHANCELLOR, the REV. F. J. LYS, is the first Chancellor to have flown, and is, consequently, depicted in the air, perched on the same machine as LORD LONDONDERRY, the Secretary of State for Air, AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR E. L. ELLINGTON, Chief of the Air Staff, and AIR MARSHAL SIR ROBERT BROOKE-POPHAM, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Air Defence of Great Britain.

MRS. EMMET, OF AMBERLEY CASTLE, AND THE PAGEANT OF PARLIAMENT.



Amberley Castle, Amberley, Sussex, is the magnificent twelfth-century building in which Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Addis Emmet live. This is the massive entrance. Mrs. Emmet is the originator of the Pageant of Parliament, which is taking place at the Royal Albert Hall (June 29—July 21), and will be one of the most interesting events of the year.

The HON. MRS. T. A. EMMET is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Rennell. She was a member of the London County Council for some nine years. She is here posed with her children, Gloria Lavinia Eileen Emmet, Christopher Antony Robert Emmet, David Alastair Rennell Emmet, and Penelope Ann Clare Emmet. The initials of their names spell words—Glee, Care, Dare, and Pace (Latin).



CHRISTOPHER and DAVID EMMET make a picturesque couple as they ride out of the great gate of Amberley Castle.

The HON. MRS. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET is a brilliant woman whose activities have included fine work on the L.C.C., where she held the position of Chairman of Supplies.

MR. and the HON. MRS. EMMET and their four children, posed together at Amberley Castle.

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. XVII.

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

With this series, "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the worst moments in the lives of some distinguished persons. SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE, the brilliant actor who received a knighthood in the New Year's Honours list, is the seventeenth to go into the "confessional."

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE'S own face gradually emerged from underneath the mask of grease-paint as, in his dressing-room in the St. James's Theatre, he removed the make-up which is such an integral part of his fine performance in "The Late Christopher Bean." He was obviously worried about something, and I wondered for a moment if the occasion was propitious for my pursuit of "worst moments."

"I'm very annoyed with myself," he explained. "I can't cure myself of drying up when any sort of unexpected noise comes from the audience. To-night, two people in the front row were talking at the tops of their voices during my first scene and made me forget my words completely."

"But surely you don't blame yourself for that," I suggested. "After all, it is one of the major crimes to talk while someone is acting."

"I know, but an actor ought to be unshakable. To-night those people nearly wrecked my whole performance, and an interruption once nearly wrecked my whole career."

Sir Cedric smiled suddenly. "And thereby hangs a tale—the 'worst moment' you want, in fact." I gave a mental sigh of relief, and prepared to listen while Sir Cedric Hardwicke, still removing his make-up, began to tell the story.

"It concerns the beginning of my stage career. My very first professional engagement, as a matter of fact. I was at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and, like the other students, I used to vary my studies with occasional walk-on engagements in the bigger West-End productions. Or, that is to say, I tried to; because for a long time at every audition for walk-on artists to which I went, I was turned down as being unsuitable after merely being asked to walk across the stage—which was humiliating, you must admit.

"But, acting on the rather trite motto: 'If at first you don't succeed,' I continued to 'try, try again,' and at length the Melville brothers rewarded my patience with an engagement at a salary of a pound a week to walk-on in 'The Monk and the Woman,' as 'a gentleman of the Court,' at the Lyceum."

Sir Cedric chuckled. "'The Monk and the Woman' was a marvellous play; it was one of the most successful melodramas ever produced. The plot was indescribably complicated, and there was a terrific climax with an earthquake, out of which only the hero and heroine were saved.

"It was in this play that I had my first chance.

"Well, there was one scene set in a chapel, where the hero and the heroine were married by the archbishop. This scene was supposed to be one of the emotional high-spots of the evening, but, in actual fact, it was never really convincing and usually got a laugh instead. The cause was the man who played the archbishop. He was a brilliant actor, and had several great performances to his credit, but for some reason or other he looked incredibly comic in his bishop's mitre and robes. It was just a case of not being the type, but this happened in the days before plays were cast by type, and an actor was supposed to be able to play any part he was offered with equal conviction.

"The poor fellow must have suffered tortures. There's nothing in the world so humiliating as being laughed at when one is trying to be serious. Things got so bad that the management posted several beefy attendants in the auditorium who used to shout 'Order, please!' as soon as the unfortunate bishop made his appearance.

"But this course, although it subdued the laughter, did not kill it or help the scene along, so the management were compelled to make a change of archbishops." Sir Cedric had finished the removal of his make-up, and was now changing into a flannel suit.

"Their choice fell on me. Partly, I suppose, because I was more or less the same build as the other man and could wear the clothes, and partly because I had never stopped besieging them with requests for understudy parts. I was terrifyingly ambitious, and I had assured them that I knew every part in the play, which I did.

"Therefore it was rather ironic that I should be asked to play the archbishop, because that high dignitary did not have one line to speak. He performed the marriage ceremony in dumb show. I made my début in the part one Saturday night. I mobilised as many of my friends as I could, and even persuaded some of my relations with whom I was going to spend that week-end to overcome the family prejudice at my being on the stage at all and to witness my performance.

"As I was going to leave for the country with my relations immediately after the performance, I wore to the theatre that night a new tweed suit, with a check in it that some unkind friends of mine pretended to be blinded by, but which I considered, in those youthful days, just bright enough to be a little daring. I wore the trousers of this suit under my bishop's robes. It didn't matter, because the robes covered them completely, and, in any case, I wasn't given anything else to wear.

Well, the great moment of my entrance came. The organ pealed, and people stood all round with head reverently bowed. Some doors opened, a limelight focussed itself on me, and lo! I was on the stage.

"Now—I told myself—this time there will be no laugh. I shall be really dignified. And I stepped boldly towards the altar. But I had calculated without the attendants in the audience. Whether they had not been told of the change in the cast, or if they just did it out of force of habit, I don't know, but I had barely taken two steps when—'Order, please!'—the usual deafening order rang through the house.

"I was so startled that my head jerked back, and the mitre slipped forward over my forehead. I felt it falling, so to stop it I bent forward, and promptly caught my foot in my robes. I let go my crozier to try and regain my balance, but it was useless; my other foot got entangled as well. A second later I was on the floor—my mitre rolling towards the footlights and my robes round my neck somewhere, showing a great deal of my nether limbs, and, incidentally, the trousers.

"As I lay there on the stage, I caught sight of them. The lime was still on me, and I must admit that in that light the check did look a little bright—and not in the least episcopal.

"There has never been a louder laugh at the Lyceum."

CYRIL BUTCHER.

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE, the famous actor and film star, is the seventeenth to disclose his secret in "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. He was born in 1893; studied at the Academy of Dramatic Art; and made his first appearance on the stage at the Lyceum Theatre during the run of "The Monk and the Woman." He became one of the Benson Company in 1913, and appeared at the Old Vic in a few Shakespearean rôles before joining the Army in 1914. In 1922 he joined the Birmingham Repertory Company and played numerous parts, including Churdles Ash in "The Farmer's Wife," which was one of his first hits; and many "Shavian" characters. His appearance as Edward Moulton-Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" added to his already big reputation; and his recent successes include his present part of Dr. Haggett in "The Late Christopher Bean." He is a leading figure at the Malvern Festival; and he has appeared in some successful pictures.

PEACEFUL MILITARISM AT TIDWORTH.

This striking photographic picture, taken during the SOUTHERN COMMAND HORSE SHOW in the Tidworth Tattoo arena, shows the judging of Royal Field Artillery teams.

TIDWORTH DAY HORSE SHOW

Five hundred guests attended the Tidworth Polo Ball. Our photograph, taken between dances, shows (on the right) COLONEL A. C. SYKES, MISS WALFORD, MR. DAVID, and MISS WILLIAMS-WYNN.

MRS. WHITELAW is here posed with her daughter, JOAN.

The HON. MRS. HEYWORTH was snapped with COLONEL DARLEY. She is Lord Tweedmouth's elder daughter.

MISS NOREEN ELLIOT and LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY enjoyed a good joke at the ball. Lady Margaret is the younger daughter of the Duke of Hamilton.

MAJOR J. F. B. COMBE, MAJOR A. C. MACINTYRE, CAPTAIN TODD, CAPTAIN PALMER, MRS. MACINTYRE, MRS. FOA, and MISS MARY COLLINS were all at the Horse Show and some at the ball.

AND NIGHT PICTURES: AND POLO BALL.

The Polo Ball was held at the Officers' Club, Tidworth, on the first day of the Horse Show. MR. GILBERT KING, LADY LETTICE ASHLEY-COOPER, and MRS. GILBERT KING are seen at supper.

MISS ELLIOT is chatting to MR. DRUMMOND-HAY at the ball.

MRS. ALISTAIR MAC-INTYRE and MISS MARY COLLINS were at the ball and at the Horse Show.

MRS. J. LIDDELL and MRS. ROGER BIRLEY wore gay summery frocks at the first day of the Southern Command Horse Show.

LADY BEATRIX HOARE and MR. HOARE came to the ball together. She is Earl Cadogan's elder sister.

MR. LAWSON, MR. PITMAN, LADY PATRICIA MACKAY and MISS SMYLEY at the Horse Show. Lady Patricia is Lord Inchcape's daughter.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

Lengthy Fight with Heavy Dee Salmon.

For six hours and forty minutes, Mr. L. R. Grant played a big salmon on the Aberdeenshire Dee, and then had the mortification of feeling the line go slack as the frayed cast broke. Mr. Playfair, of Aberdeen, sent me the actual cast, so that I could see how it had been frayed on the rocks from end to end, the last foot or so being rubbed away in places to a mere thread. How it stood as long as it did is a mystery. The salmon was not foul-hooked, and it was seen by two ghillies and several expert fishermen, who put the weight at between 50 lb. and 60 lb. Mr. Grant hooked the salmon on a No. 4 Blue Charm at the top of the Moral Pool on Woodend at 10.30 a.m. on May 3. The fish took him down nearly a mile of pools and broken water, and it broke away below the hut pool after being on for six hours and forty minutes. Despite this exhausting fight, the salmon was still on an even keel when it departed. Fish of 50 lb. and over are very rare on the Dee in the early part of the season, but Mr. Playfair states that another heavy fish, which kept well down and was not seen, was played for 45 minutes at Blackhall on April 12. Possibly this was the same fish.

"The Cult of the Goldfish." This is the title of an excellent book on the culture of goldfish, written by T. C. Roughley, F.R.Z.S., and published in Australia by Messrs. Angus and Robertson, of Sydney. Without doubt it is one of the best books on the subject, and deserves mention here, as so many thousands of people have taken up the hobby of keeping goldfish. Unfortunately, there are still some who confine a few miserable, starving fish in a totally inadequate bowl, but the majority display a more intelligent interest, and there are many competent amateur aquarists who take pride in a well-balanced aquarium containing healthy fish and water-plants which are a joy to behold. Few people realise that the water in a well-balanced aquarium never needs changing, only a little need be added occasionally to make up the loss by evaporation. The term "balanced" refers to balance between fish and plant life. The plants provide the fish with oxygen, and the fish, in return, supply carbon dioxide to the plants. This book covers the subject most thoroughly, from the construction of the aquarium, through every phase of the feeding and breeding of goldfish, to the treatment of their ailments and diseases. Many good illustrations add considerably to the interest and value of the book.

The "monster" in this snapshot is a SMALL SHARK—and not from Loch Ness. The picture illustrates the right way to carry it.

Forthcoming Angling Books.

Three angling books have been announced for publication within the next couple of months. The first, promised at the end of this month, is Mr. Mitchell-Henry's book on tunny-fishing. The other two will be published at the end of June or early in July. One is a small book on tunny-fishing by Mr. Fred Taylor, who told me that he wrote it as a guide for the beginner. The last, but by no means the least, is the "Sea Fishing" volume of the Lonsdale Library. Twenty-two contributors have shared in producing this voluminous work, which has been edited by Mr. A. E. Cooper. There are thirty-nine chapters and 120 illustrations. If this volume is as good as the previous angling volumes of the Lonsdale Library, it will be most welcome.

The Mayfly is up. By the time this note appears, the mayfly should be well up on many of the south-country chalk streams. A few early specimens have been reported, and the hot weather will bring on the main hatch well to time. It is remarkable how the arrival of the mayfly on different rivers occurs with such punctuality year after year that it can be foretold almost to the day. The mayfly season gives the fly-fisherman a chance to get in touch with big fish which at other times are confirmed bottom feeders. A cynic once called it "The Duffers' Fortnight." I expect he had his tongue in his cheek, for it takes a good angler — not a duffer — to persuade a trout to take an artificial mayfly when there is an unlimited supply of succulent natural flies within easy reach.

MRS. LEASK caught a fine 28-lb. SALMON at the Fort Augustus end of Loch Ness the other day—so the "Monster" hasn't eaten all the fish! Before her marriage, Mrs. Leask was Miss Margaret Naylor, the well-known diver who, a few years ago, made repeated descents at Tobermory Bay in an effort to locate the Spanish treasure-galleon which is supposed to lie there.

Would You Believe It? While fishing on the Yorkshire Esk, Mr. F. Doughty had a remarkable experience. He hooked a salmon which broke his line and carried away the whole of his gut cast. The following day Mr. Doughty was fishing the same pool, and his hook picked up the lost cast with the salmon still on. This time he succeeded in landing the fish—a twenty-pounder—and on examining the cast he discovered that the point of his hook had actually entered the loop of the cast so miraculously returned to him.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Mr. White-Wickham has had a record season big-game fishing in New Zealand, but very large fish were not numerous.

Two doctors won the first and second places in the Irish National Angling Championship match on Lough Corrib on April 28. Dr. H. O'Carroll was first, with 10 trout, 14 lb. 12 oz.; and Dr. Fitzgerald second.

The first casting tournament to be held by the Irish Trout Fly Fishers' Competition Committee was held on April 29 at Oughterard. It proved a great success.

R. L. MARSTON.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THIS FAIR COMPETITOR AT TIDWORTH—FOR BEING IN FULL COMMAND OF HER HUNTER IN THE SOUTHERN COMMAND AND MAKING THIS HIGH AND MIGHTY JUMP.

THE SOUTHERN COMMAND HORSE SHOW at Tidworth was held in perfect summer weather, and a large number of spectators assembled to watch the events. The lady in our photograph was a competitor in the jumping and gave a fine display of horsemanship. Further pictures are on other pages.

MR. S. H. D. JEBB—FOR OCCUPYING THE KEY POSITION BY BEING UTILISED TO REOPEN THE SPINNING WHEEL SWIMMING POOL, BY BEING THROWN INTO THE WATER.

THE reopening ceremony of the swimming pool at the Spinning Wheel, Broxbourne, was not carried out with a golden key, but by the simple, and more exciting, method of throwing the owner, MR. S. H. D. JEBB, fully dressed, into the water.

ARTHUR G. HAVERS, the famous golfer, is used to going out on the course and getting "birdies" (holes done in one under Bogey), or even "eagles" (holes done in two under Bogey), but it was a novel experience for him to "get" a baby fox cub on the Sandy Lodge course. He has adopted it as a pet. The little creature already knows him and tries to follow him about.

A. G. HAVERS, the famous golfer—FOR GETTING A FOX-CUB, INSTEAD OF HIS MORE USUAL "BIRDIE," AT SANDY LODGE.

FIRST COURTS PRESENTATIONS:

MRS. WALTER ELLIOT (formerly Miss Katharine Tennant) was presented on her marriage to Mr. Walter Elliot, the Minister for Agriculture, by Mrs. Baldwin.

MISS THEODORA INSTONE, débutante daughter of Sir Samuel and Lady Instone.

MISS ROSEMARY LIÈGE DAVIDSON-HOUSTON, only child of Major and Mrs. Davidson-Houston, of Pembury Hall, was presented by Mrs. Dumville Lees.

MRS. VICTOR NEIL MALCOLM (Miss Ann Todd, the actress) was presented on her marriage to Sir Ian Malcolm's younger son, by Lady Malcolm.

LADY CECILIA WELLESLEY, second daughter of Clare Countess Cowley, was presented by her mother.

MISS ELIZABETH HACKING, débutante daughter of the Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs, was presented by her mother.

DÉBUTANTES AND BRIDES.

DONNA GIOIA MARCONI, second daughter of Marchese Marconi and of the Marchesa di Montecorona, was presented.

The HON. PATRICIA BERRY, third daughter of Lord Camrose, was presented by her mother.

MISS JANE BLOIS, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Dudley Blois, D.S.O., was presented by her mother.

MISS PETA DAVIS, one of the prettiest débutantes of the year, is the daughter of Mrs. Cyril Davis.

MISS JOAN BIRCH is seen leaving her home for the Court.

The HON. PRISCILLA SCOTT-ELLIS, third daughter of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, was presented by her mother.

The EARL OF ANTRIM was married to MISS ANGELA SYKES, youngest daughter of the late Sir Mark and Lady Sykes, of Sledmere, at the Brompton Oratory. Sir Richard Sykes gave his sister away.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

THE débutantes of this brave new world are made of sterner stuff than those of the pre-war period, who used to have a quiet day before going to Court, and just spend the afternoon being manicured, waved, and generally prepared for their presentation. Moderns go racing before curtseying at Buckingham Palace. Both Miss Lavinia Strutt and Miss Ruth Primrose were First Court débutantes, but they enjoyed Newmarket all the same on the very day. Lady Derby, who had not been to Court for a good many years, presented the latter, who is her granddaughter.

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Miss Strutt and Miss Primrose are connections and great friends. Though they are not related, they are rather like each other in appearance. Both have inherited a real keenness for racing. I saw Miss Primrose going out to have a very last look at Hyperion before he won the Burwell Stakes. She rushed along to see him led in after the race. So did Lady Hillingdon and her boy, Charles Mills, Lady Barbara Smith, and the Duchess of Newcastle, who all say they *adore* the horse. Lady Barbara was expatiating on the ease with which he won. "He just ran as if he were cantering to a meet," she said, and then went into committee with the Duchess as to whether he had grown at all during the winter.

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Mrs. Sofer Whitburn was explaining the rather obscure name which has been bestowed on the only horse Mr. Whitburn now has in training. It is called Bekorah, which is, she said, the Jewish name for "First-Born," though why the animal has to have a non-Aryan name was not explained! She added that she knew he had no chance in the Pampisford Stakes, as he is still too fat.

The marriage of SIR ARTHUR GRANT, BT., of Monymusk, Grenadier Guards, to MISS PRISCILLA THOMSON, daughter of Brig.-General Alan Thomson, D.S.O., was solemnised at the Guards' Chapel. The bride is shaking hands with the N.C.O. of the Guard of Honour after the ceremony.

After Kempton's fluttering silk frocks, wide-brimmed hats, and sunshades, it was sad to be swept back to winter at Newmarket, and see women hugging their sables and minks around them. The Princess Royal was one of the brave ones who did not come in fur. She had a tweed coat and a blue fox stole. Lady Fitzwilliam, on the other hand, wore her lovely sable coat, with a green hat, her inevitable spray of carnations, and some new, rather yellowish, brogued shoes.

Lady Broughton's dress reputation on the racecourse has stood high for a good many years. Her periwinkle-blue and black checked suit is another winner for her. It was worn with a red carnation buttonhole and a slightly worried expression, which is unusual for Lady Broughton of the calm, unruffled brow.

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The International Ball lived up to its name. Spanish, Polish, French, and German were all talked. I heard the babel of different tongues before I even entered the ball-room.

The dinner-party in which Lady Oxford dined included Lauritz Melchior, whose Siegfried is more wonderful than ever this year; Princess Hohenlohe, and Prince Orlovsky.

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Dress notes of the evening. Lady Londonderry's halo of bright blue ospreys, which matched her ostrich-feather cape and her famous turquoise and diamond ornaments; Lady Oxford's equally bright blue tulle throat bandage; and Lady Patricia Mackay's lace gloves with black lace gauntlets to match her black lace dress. Lady Patricia, by the way, had to do a quick change, for when the "Bier-Garten" opened she appeared as one of the little Gretchens in German peasant costume, but without the two plaits we usually associate with Teutonic maidens. She's a most attractive girl, with an unspoilt air and natural fair curls at the nape of her neck.

The marriage of MR. JOHN STRATFORD SANDERSON, Scots Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Sanderson, to MISS SHEILA CAMPBELL ADAM, younger daughter of Major C. Adam and Mrs. Adam, took place at the Guards' Chapel. The bride is here shaking hands with the N.C.O. of the Guard of Honour.

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Miss Nefertari Bethell looked sweet and almost school-girlish in a pink frock. She was dancing with Mr. Atholl Duncan, a young man with a very inviting smile and none of that air of aloof depression which distinguishes some of our dancing men. Lady Mary Egerton, on the other hand, seldom smiles. In fact, she looks rather solemn; but that thoughtful air suits her type. So did her red crêpe dress.

Lady Scone wore white satin and danced a good deal. She also made prolonged and concentrated efforts to catch something in the "fishing-pool" which was one of the sideshows.

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Lady Symonds had one of the last of the pre-Whitsuntide dances for Miss Valda Coppen. Points to be noted at this ball included the carefully thought-out colour scheme. Red flowers everywhere, except in the ball-room, which was adorned with white lilies only. Caviare, packed in ice, and cold *Bœuf à la Mode* were succulent supper dishes, to say nothing of the Lobster Neuberg. And such smart and decorative young-marrieds as Lord and Lady Harcourt, the Christopher Roper-Curzons, and some others varied the monotony apt to be induced by nothing but débutantes.

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The Second Cycle of the "Ring" is traditionally supposed to draw "unsmart" houses to Covent Garden, but we have travelled a long way from convention this year, with new productions at Covent Garden and fresh scenery for the operas! At the "Valküre" on Monday there were even a few tiaras, headed by Mrs. Douglas Vickers's, and lots of well-known faces. Mrs. Glasgow, animated as ever, sat in a box with her daughter; Lady Cambridge was in the Royal Box with Lord Frederick Cambridge and a party which included several young men. Mrs. Cartwright looked extremely handsome in black, and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger

equally so in a deep red coat. The performance was lovely—I 've never heard the divine first act better given than it was by Völker and Lotte Lehmann, and Leider's Brünnhilde was magnificent as ever.

Any hostess who is giving a cocktail-party on May 29 will probably find that her guests will not linger on as long as usual. The reason will be that so many big dinner-parties are being given for the Crewe House Auction for the Shoreditch Housing Association. The most important is one at the Alexander Hardinges', in their attractive apartments in St. James's Palace, at which the chief guests will be the Duke and Duchess of York, who are afterwards going on to the auction, where the "lots" include some pictures by John and other moderns.

Talking of pictures leads me naturally to the subject of "Murials," as mural decorations are still determinedly called in the U.S.A. That hard-working young artist, John Churchill, has followed up his frescoes at the Channon flat with some more fine things. A loggia in Mr. Winston Churchill's garden at Chartwell has now been decorated by him with flat paintings of busts of Marlborough and his contemporaries, including his great friend, the ugly and intelligent Prince Eugène, and battle-scenes in which the Churchills' great ancestor distinguished himself.

John Churchill is now at work on the enormous hall in Mrs. Aubrey Herbert's villa at Portofino. He is painting it with scenes from the life of St. George, who is the patron saint of Portofino, as well as of England. It 's a huge piece of work and will not be finished before the autumn. I hear it promises to be beautiful.

Horse-racing and Dostoievsky are not usually closely associated! Yet there are owners whose taste is catholic enough to include both. This was proved by the presence of Mrs. Dunn at the first night of "Crime et Châtiment," which is so admirably acted and produced by the French company now at the New Theatre. Mrs. Dunn has many interests, apart from her taste for the turf. She has travelled extensively, and is fond of golf. She recently returned from a sojourn in Sweden, where she stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Vereker. Mr. Vereker is at the Stockholm Legation.

The Mozart Festival at Captain John Christie's new opera house at Glyndebourne is our next musical thrill. What a courageous and exciting venture it is!

MISS EVELYN SPILSBURY, only daughter of Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the famous pathologist, who has given evidence in so many big cases, and Lady Spilsbury, married MR. JOHN ALLISTAIR STEEL, only son of the late Mr. Sydney Steel and Mrs. Steel, of Blackpark, Perthshire, at the Chapel of the Savoy. The bride is cutting the cake at the reception, watched by her father and friends.

Captain Christie is well known to Etonians as a master at Eton after the war, during which he gained the M.C. He has always been interested in music, and is, among other activities, head of an organ-building firm. He recently married Miss Audrey Mildmay, who appeared for a short time with the Carl Rosa Opera Company and attracted considerable attention. She is to take the part of Susanna in "Figaro."

The productions should be specially interesting, on account of the fact that Captain Christie has made a study of opera houses in Germany and Austria, and has thought out afresh each problem of lighting, staging, and equipment for its suitability to his own opera house. The stage devices include elaborate lifts to stage-level, and a new system of lighting and dimming which avoids all the usual heats and other difficulties.

This parade of the Thynne family took place on the occasion of the christening of the infant son of VISCOUNT and VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH, when they all walked to the village church at Horningham. From left to right are the MARQUESS OF BATH, leading his grandchild, CAROLINE THYNNE; LORD and LADY WEYMOUTH, with their elder son and heir, ALEXANDER; and (behind) COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER and MRS. BEEVERS, the nurse, carrying the baby, who was named CHRISTOPHER JOHN.

LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS is here posed with her beautiful borzois, Prince Ivanov. She and Sir Weldon Dalrymple-Champneys have just been half round the world and are delighted to be at home again for a change. Their many friends are also delighted.

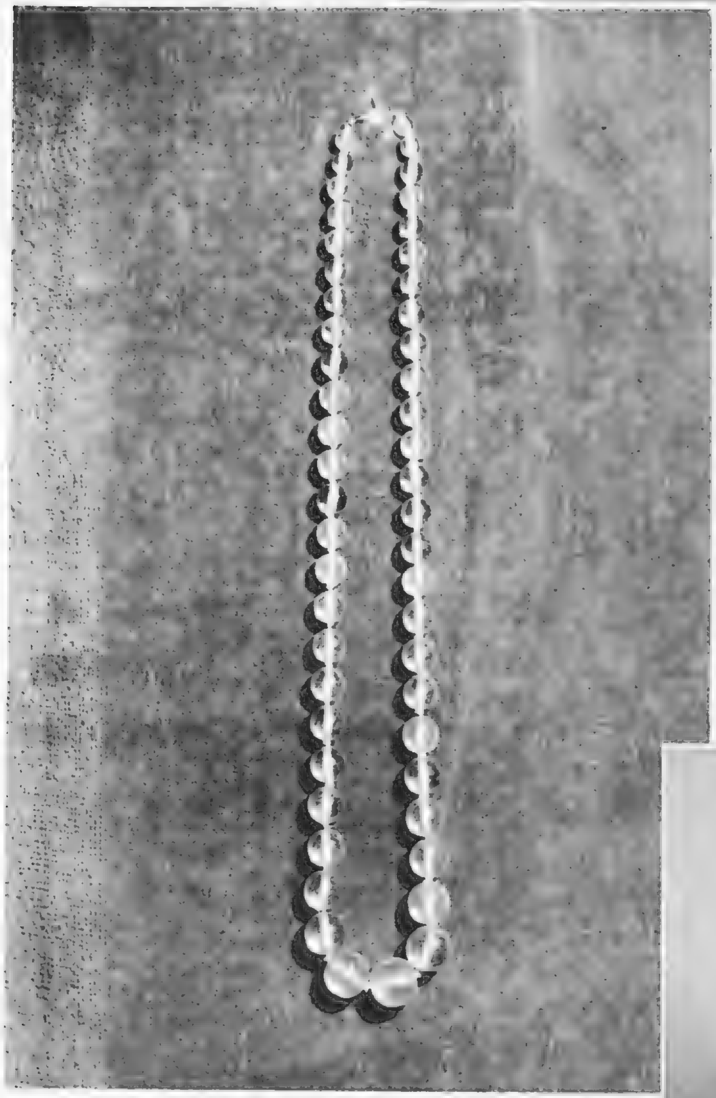
I hear that the performances of "Figaro" and "Cosi Fan Tutte" are going to be remarkable, as Captain Christie says he will not be satisfied with anything but the best productions it has ever been possible to obtain! He has selected the company from all over the Continent and America—not forgetting England either—specially for the ability of the singers to perform Mozart. Most of them are unknown here, but have considerable fame on the Continent. The orchestra, led by the Busch quartet, has also been carefully chosen, and Fritz Busch has been expressing delight at the excellence of the singing and ensembles at rehearsals.

MARIEGOLD.

The victorious AMERICAN WALKER CUP TEAM were the guests of Sir Adrian and the Hon. Lady Baillie at Leeds Castle, near Maidstone, one day last week, when they played a series of four-ball matches with a number of English players, including Miss Cecil Leitch and Miss Joyce Wethered. In our group Miss Wethered may be seen (fourth from right) next to Mr. Ouimet, the U.S.A. Captain (third from right).

JEWELS FROM THE SKY? "COSMIC" GEMS.

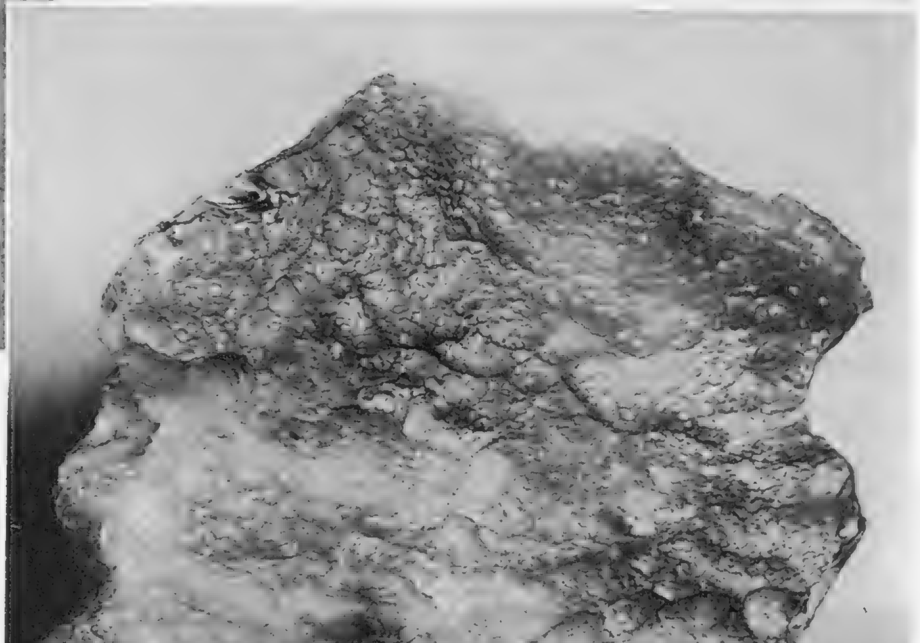
The fine, square-cut gem on the left is owned by Mrs. S. L. Courtauld, who lent it for exhibition at Burlington House. It was cut from a piece of silica-glass found in the Libyan Desert, and weighs 68·05 carats. The lovely pale-greenish jewel (52·86 carats) on the right was cut from the mass of silica-glass which is seen in the centre of our photograph.



A beautiful necklace of silica-glass beads owned by the Hon. Mrs. Francis Rodd; lent to the Royal Society for exhibition at Burlington House.

Mrs. Rodd's necklace worn by a model—to indicate its proportions.

"COSMIC" jewels—possibly of heavenly origin—though very enviable, are hardly likely to become too fashionable, as they are rather rare. Those owned by Mrs. S. L. Courtauld and Mrs. Francis Rodd are of a lovely pale greenish-yellow colour, clear to cloudy, and, when under the microscope, they are seen to contain vast numbers of minute bubbles and dust. No one knows how these lumps of silica-glass originated. The commonly accepted theory was that they fell to the earth from outer space (says Dr. Spencer, of the Natural History Museum); but the latest hypothesis is that they are bombs of molten silica ejected from meteorite craters. The stones shown on this page formed a very thrilling exhibit at Burlington House recently, when the President, Sir Reginald Gowland Hopkins, and Council of the Royal Society entertained guests at a conversazione and scientific display. These wind-worn lumps of silica-glass, besides a good deal more now in Cairo, were discovered in the Libyan Desert, about 500 miles south-west of Cairo, during an expedition under the leadership of Mr. P. A. Clayton, of the Egyptian Desert Survey, when the late Lady Clayton was present: she helped to collect them, and the Hon. Francis Rodd owns the lumps found by her.



A large wind-worn mass of silica-glass (5 lb.) found by Mr. P. A. Clayton in the Libyan Desert; now in the Mineral Gallery at the Natural History Museum. About a hundredweight was collected and taken to Cairo. The largest piece weighed 10 lb. A jewel has been cut for the King of Egypt.

2

3

4

1. MISS J. MARDON, MR. C. KENDALL, MISS N. KENDALL, MRS. KENRIL MARDON, MR. K. MARDON, MRS. MARDON, MR. J. ANSTEY, and MR. JUSTICE KENDALL *are seen at supper at the Débutantes' Ball, at the Dorchester Hotel, in aid of the King Edward Memorial Hospital, Ealing.*
2. H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE *attended the Débutantes' Ball. He is seated with the* HON. MRS. SOMERSET MAXWELL *(l.), Deputy Chairman of the Ball, and* MRS. GORDON MOORE, *Chairman.*
3. MR. JIMMY WILLING, MISS GUINEVERE GRANT, MISS AMICIE DE BURGH WHYTE, *and* MR. DEREK HALL-CAINE *were among the dancers. Miss Grant and Miss de Burgh Whyte took part in the débutantes' ballet.*
4. MISS BLOCK, LADY ASHFIELD, *and the* HON. MRS. BOWER *are shown from left to right. Miss Block and Mrs. Bower came on from the Court.*
5. *This general view of the ballroom shows the crowded floor during one of the dances.*

DANCING AT THE DÉBUTANTES' BALL AFTER THE COURT.

FEATURED PLAYERS IN THE LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

MRS. A. HOLM (Troon) got into the final of the Ladies' Open at the Royal Porthcawl by beating Miss Pentony. She won the final (6 and 5).

MISS E. PENTONY, Irish champion, defeated Miss Diana Fishwick in the second round.

MISS PAM BARTON (Royal Mid-Surrey; right) entered the final by beating Miss E. Corlett. She is here shown with MLLE. ALINE DE GUNZBOURG, the nineteen-year-old French player, whom she beat. She lost the final. Miss Barton is seventeen.

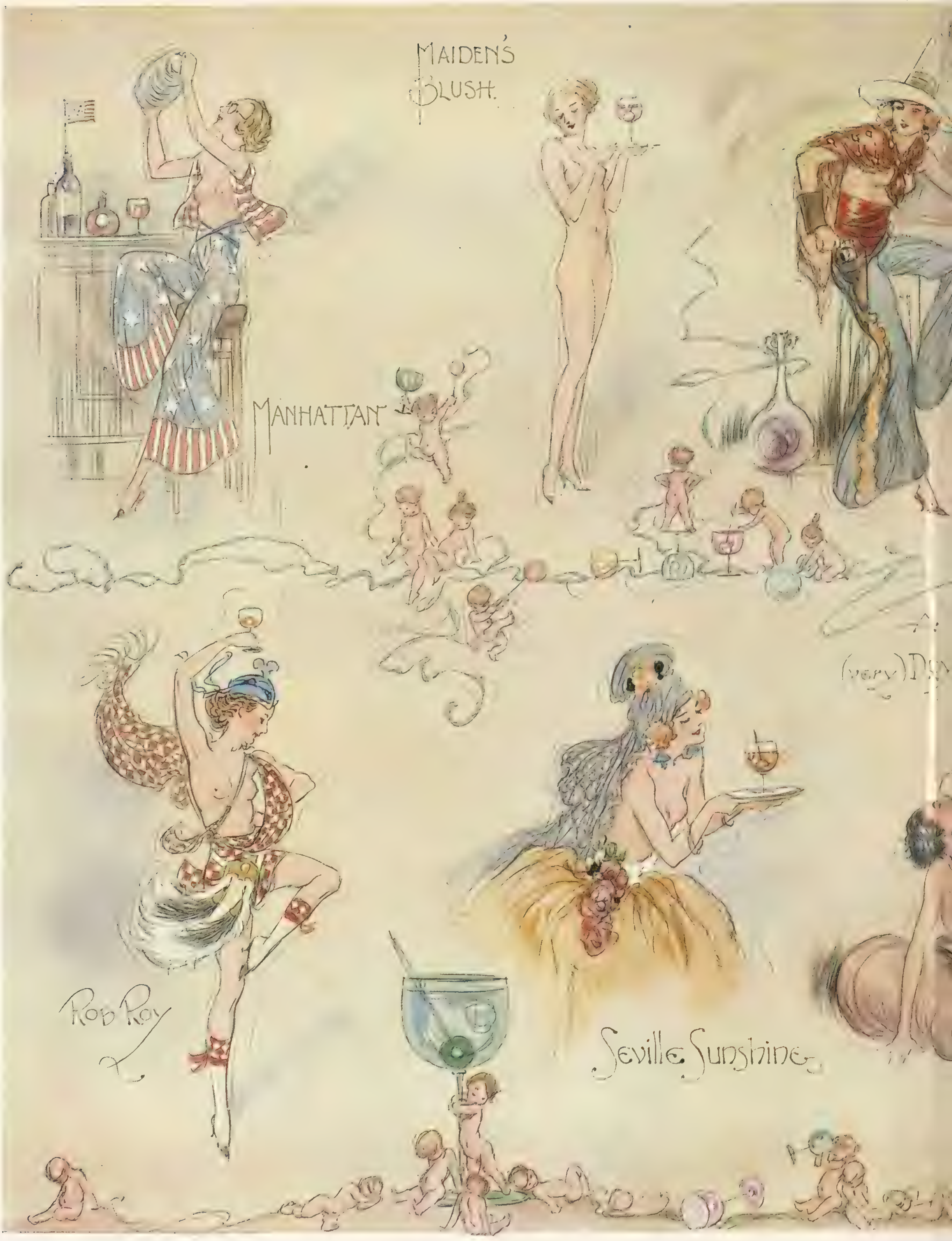
MISS GRACE AMORY, of the U.S.A., was beaten by Miss Ellis. She was accompanied on the course—at a distance of over 25 yards—by her professional golf coach, a fact which has caused discussion.

MRS. C. N. JACOBSEN (New Zealand; left) only entered as an after-thought, as she gave up serious golf some years ago and let her handicap go up from 3 to 10; but she beat MISS MOLLY GOURLAY (Camberley Heath), one of the "favourites."

MISS O. KAY (champion of Australia and of New Zealand) did not live up to her name, for she was beaten early. She had never seen a bunker or owned a niblick until she played here.

"DO THOSE MEAN KISSES, GRAN'POP?"

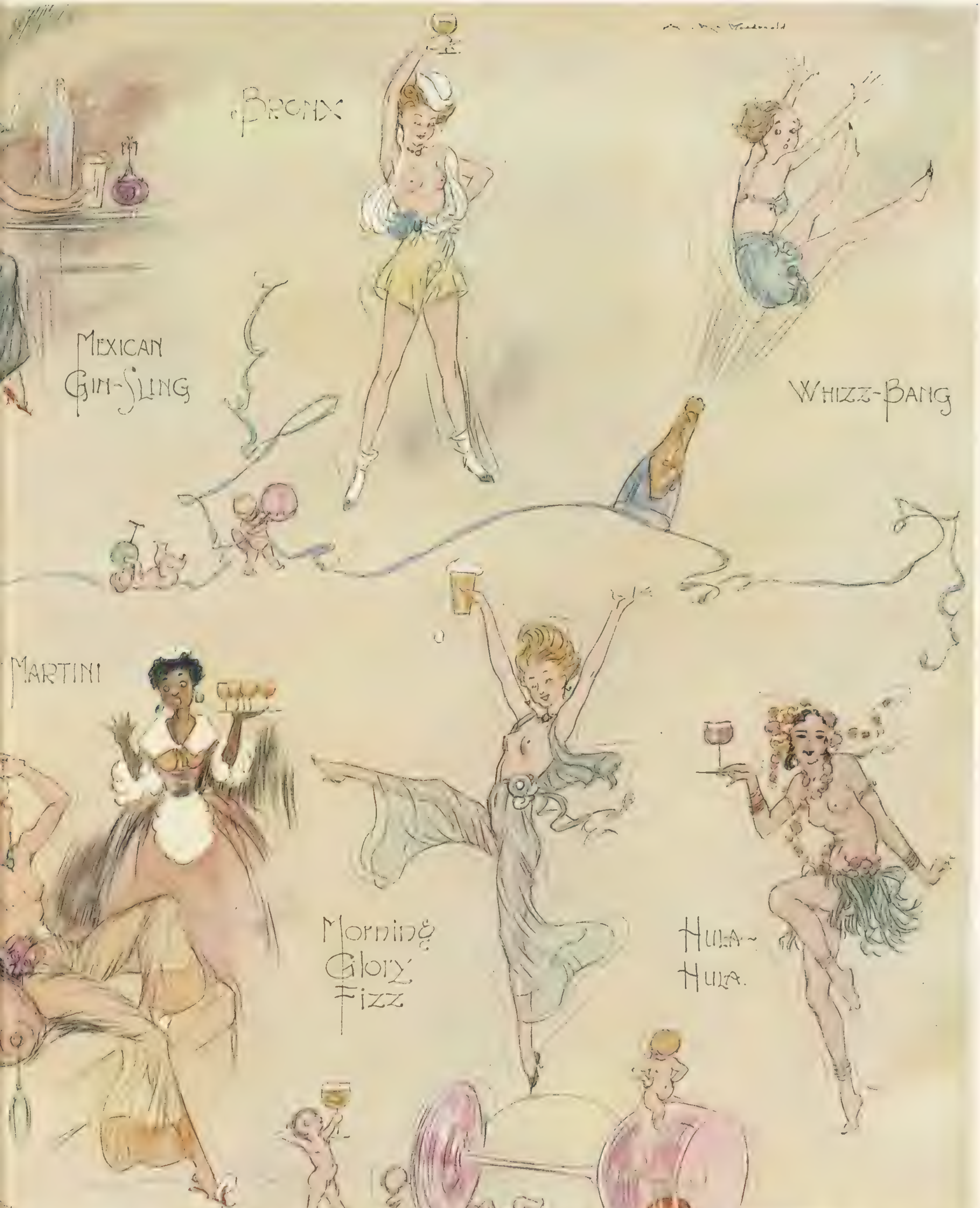
DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)



DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.

FROM "MAIDEN'S BLUSH" TO "HULA-HULA

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the offices of



": RECIPES FOR SOME FAMOUS COCKTAILS.

this paper (346, Strand, W.C.2) at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage 6d. extra.

She is as logical as she is charming. She finally has chosen Craven "A" by a process of elimination. Are they not the most satisfying—the kindest to her throat? Are they not always in perfect condition wherever she buys them? Therefore, being a logical young lady, she has decided to keep to Cork-tipped Craven "A".
TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING
CORK TIPPED
CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

WELL-BALANCED BEAUTY IN RHYTHMIC EXERCISES.

(Above)
The girls engaged in these rhythmic mass exercises are not practising for a stage production, but for the big Display by the WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY at the Royal Albert Hall on May 31 and June 1.

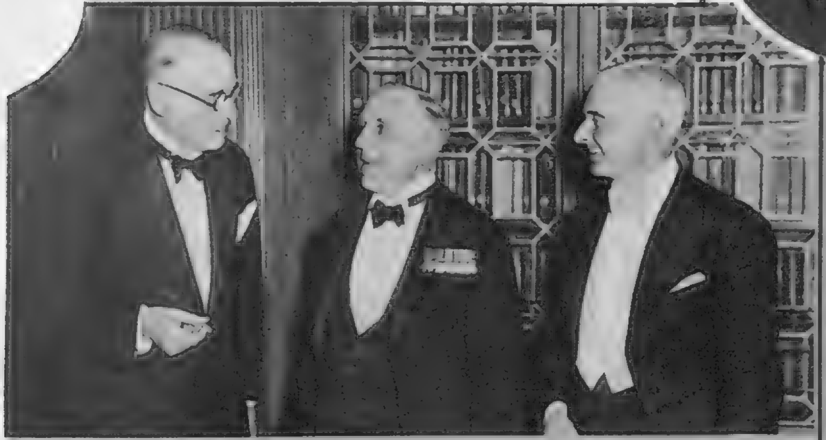
(Left)
Poise and balance are acquired by these bending exercises done with a bowl balanced on the head. MISS PRUNELLA STACK, daughter of the founder of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, is the leader.

AN ALL-MAN PAGE!

THE TENTH CRUISER SQUADRON DINNER.

A visit to their old bridge! Admiral W. Church, who, as Captain Church, commanded the "Almanzora" in the war, is here shown with some of his officers: (l. to r.) Lieut. Mackain, Lieut. Preddy, Surg.-Comm. Parry-Price, Surg.-Comm. C. F. Hereford, Mr. Maurice Church (son of the Admiral), Lieut. W. T. Vosper, Paymaster-Lieut. C. V. Fry, Admiral W. Church, and Lieut. A. T. Hardy.

In our recent "Beauty Number" we did not publish the portrait of a single man—or a married one either! We here repent to the extent of giving a page of photographs of men only. The occasion is the Annual Reunion Dinner of the Officers of the Tenth Cruiser Squadron on board the Royal Mail liner "Almanzora," at Southampton Docks. As H.M.S. "Almanzora," the liner was one of the Squadron's ships on the North Atlantic patrol during the war. Our group shows (l. to r.) Lieut. N. K. Perkins, Engineer-Comm. W. Campbell Parkin, Paymaster-Lieut. V. Grant Watson, Lieut. H. W. Jelf, Lieut. R. H. Poppleton, Lieut. E. V. Windsor, and Engineer-Lieut. J. Whibley.



Sir Burton Chadwick, Deputy Master of the Worshipful Company of Master Mariners; Admiral Sir Reginald Tupper, who commanded the Squadron during the war, and presided at the dinner; and Mr. P. G. Mylne Mitchell, Chairman and General Manager of the Royal Mail Lines, are here posed (l. to r.).

Some of the guests were photographed reading the "Almanzora's" war record, which is inscribed on a tablet placed in the ship at the end of the war.

(Left) Captain M. L. Clarke, Lieut. J. Barton, Comm. G. B. Kenyon, Admiral H. H. Smith, Paymaster-Lieut. J. H. Chown, Surgeon-Lieut. A. C. Roxburgh, Paymaster-Comm. A. C. Painter, Paymaster-Lieut. R. R. Shaw, and Paymaster-Lieut. H. G. Thompson are seen (l. to r.).

MRS. ANTHONY KIMMINS is the wife of Mr. Anthony Kimmins, the playwright, author of "While Parents Sleep." She is the only daughter of Admiral Sir Michael Hodges. Our photographic "Conversation Piece" shows her with her children, SIMON and BERENA.

A music-lesson is in progress. MRS. ANTHONY KIMMINS is at the piano with her children, who, though not of an age to play, take an interest in music.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENARE.

MR. ANTHONY KIMMINS is producing pictures at Sound City. As an actor, he is featured in the film "White Ensign," a gala performance of which is to be given at the Metropole, Victoria, S.W., on May 27.

ANTHONY KIMMINS' HOME COMPANY.

MANET'S "BAR AUX FOLIES-BERGÈRE" AS A BALLET.

1. "BAR AUX FOLIES-BERGÈRE," a ballet based on Manet's famous picture, was presented at the Mercury Theatre short season of ballet which began last week. The choreographic treatment is by Ninette de Valois. The famous barmaid steps out and dances the can-can with the star, grisettes, and garçons.

2. Manet's ORIGINAL PICTURE, "Un Bar aux Folies-Bergère"; now on view at the National Gallery.

3. MISS PEARL ARGYLE as Manet's "fille au bar" in the stage presentation of the picture.

4. ALICE MARKOVA as the star who dances the can-can.

5. The scene in the bar, with the Barmaid (PEARL ARGYLE) behind the bar, the star (ALICE MARKOVA) in the centre, and the grisettes, garçon, and other characters standing round. The music is by Chabrier. Cedric Ashton is the head waiter.

ALL UNDER THE SPOT-LIGHT.

MLLE. RENÉE ST. CYR is René Clair's new star for his latest picture, "The Last Millionaire."

MISS LORETTA YOUNG as she appears in "The House of Rothschild," which is having a gala première at the Tivoli on May 24 in aid of the Personal Service League.

MISS CLAUDETTE COLBERT plays the name-part in Paramount's picture, "Cleopatra."

MR. ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT, son of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, "came up and saw" MISS MAE WEST! In other words, he was allowed to enter the well-guarded doors of the star's sound-stage at Paramount's Hollywood studios. He got a "peek" at Mae at work on her new picture, "It Ain't No Sin."

(Right) During the recent heat-wave in London, MISS TAMARA DESNI (left), the screen star and actress, met MISS KATINKA LARSEN, the Amateur Diving Association Ladies' spring-board champion, at the Finchley Open-Air Baths.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

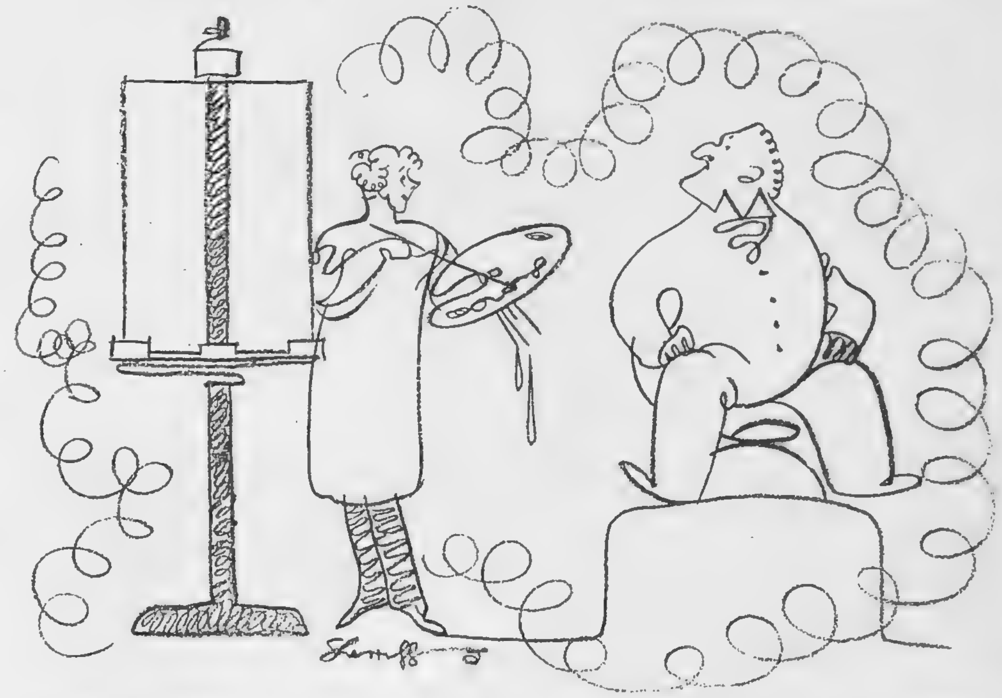
THE playgoer is particularly fortunate this Whitsun, for it is a long time since the theatre had such a variety of excellent offerings, and he must be hard to suit who cannot find something to please his taste. Moreover, not only are the plays, grave or gay, full of quality in themselves, but they present opportunities for fine acting, and the rewards of performance give their own delights. If you want a first-rate thrill, you can get it in that piece by Mr. Anthony Armstrong, "Ten-Minute Alibi," at the Phœnix, which runs on like its clock, a continuously interesting show; then, at the Shaftesbury, there is Miss Edna Best and Mr. Basil Sydney in "The Dark Tower," which not only provides opportunities for fine virtuoso acting by Mr. Sydney, but a really effective surprise. At the Westminster, a company of actresses work in a team and give Mr. Cyril Campion's mystery, "Ladies-in-Waiting," a breathless suspense; while to the Royalty has come "The Quitter," from that nursery of theatrical ventures, the Embassy; and this gangster yarn has such a strong dilemma as its central situation that you watch its development with tense excitement.

An incident from "BIOGRAPHY," at the Globe Theatre. Leander Nolan (FRANK CELLIER) outrageously calls for a couple of whiskies. Marion (INA CLAIRE) abets this recklessness, while Orrin Kinnicott (SAM LIVESEY), who is Leander's prospective "Pappa," gnashes and foams.

If you would laugh, and laugh heartily, through the evening, there is Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's farcical nonsense, "Good Morning, Bill," at the Saville, full of felicitous inanities and provoking, rib-tickling lines. At the Adelphi there is an American company who play with such verve on their six stages, and crack their jokes with such explosive energy as they tell the story of the cheap little cabaret girl's adventures, that their attack is irresistible. The whole audience ripples. The Aldwych, in "Indoor Fireworks," presents a piece less a play, because it lacks a central anecdote, and more a revue, but it is full of clever skits and glows with radiant humour. What wit, what satire, what brilliance, both in writing and performance, there is in "The Old Folks at Home," at the Queen's! This is comedy at its brightest, and Miss Marie Tempest is at her best. And of course, "The Late Christopher Bean," at the St. James's, which has already celebrated its birthday, is royal entertainment. There is rich farcical humour in "Laburnum Grove," at the Duchess, with a secret that not only gives the last act character, but grips attention in a vice. At the Piccadilly, "Counsellor-at-Law" is a piece full of rattling movement, quick smiles, situation and suspense—in sum, admirable theatre; while at the St. Martin's that charming comedy, "The Wind and the Rain," runs so pleasantly, weaving sentiment and sensibility into a delightful pattern. For sheer riotous, risky, and rich amusement, Wycherley's "The Country Wife," at the Ambassadors, is hard to beat. If you can be moved by the spirit of a great man, go to "Clive of India," at Wyndham's, where romance, glamour, youth, and high courage find such rare expression. Mr. Leslie Banks gives a memorable performance.

The delights of spectacle are for your choosing, too, and the Coliseum, which has made many ambitious ventures, never showed anything more pictorially wonderful than Dr. Ludwig Berger's "The Golden Toy"; while at Drury Lane you have song and dance, picture and story, in generous surfeit, and always Miss Charlotte Greenwood, who is a host in herself. This gifted comédienne has that genius of making a vast theatre small and drawing us into her circle. Whatever her mood, she makes us share it—and it is mostly funny.

I can strongly recommend "Sixteen," at the Criterion, a study of adolescence and "mother fixation," because it is so sincerely written and so beautifully interpreted; while at Sadler's Wells, which deserves your support, there is Granville Barker's masterly study of upper middle-class life, "The Voysey Inheritance." To the New has come a distinguished company from Paris, and their presentation of Dostoievsky's "Crime et Châtiment" almost achieves the impossible. M. Gaston Baty's adaptation has captured the soul of the great novel, "Crime and Punishment," avoiding melodrama and revealing the spiritual light which is the work's distinction. The action is simple and kinematic, but it grows in tensity, and much is due to the fine rendering of Raskolnilov by M. Lucien Nat, whose study is wholly convincing, and to the splendid portrait of the magistrate by M. Roger Hedouin. It is only a sketch of Sonia that Mlle. Marguerite Jamois gives, but it is poignantly beautiful. These French players are only over for a short season, but discriminating playgoers will not want to miss them. With another play by C. L. Anthony (Miss "Dodie Smith") at the Haymarket—who does not remember "Autumn Crocus" and "Service"?—and the Garden Theatre opening again at Regent's Park with "As You Like It," theatreland is indeed a merry-go-round, with everything for your fancy from farce to tragedy, and all of it good or less good and none of it bad. G. F. H.



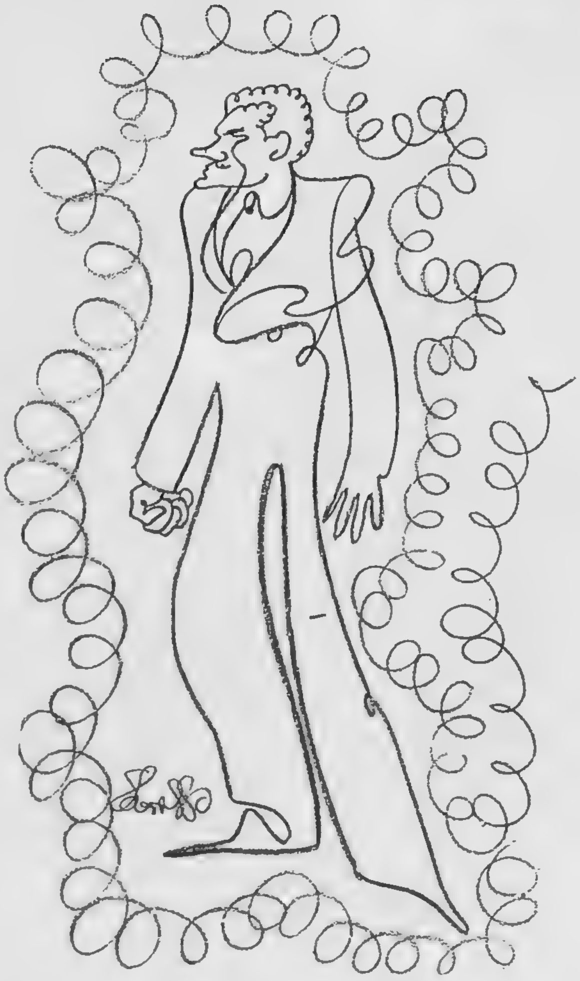
An outline of modern art from "BIOGRAPHY." Marion Froude (INA CLAIRE) is struggling to do justice to the fine proportions of that provincial colossus, Leander Nolan (FRANK CELLIER). The peculiar disposition of model and canvas should be noted.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XII.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

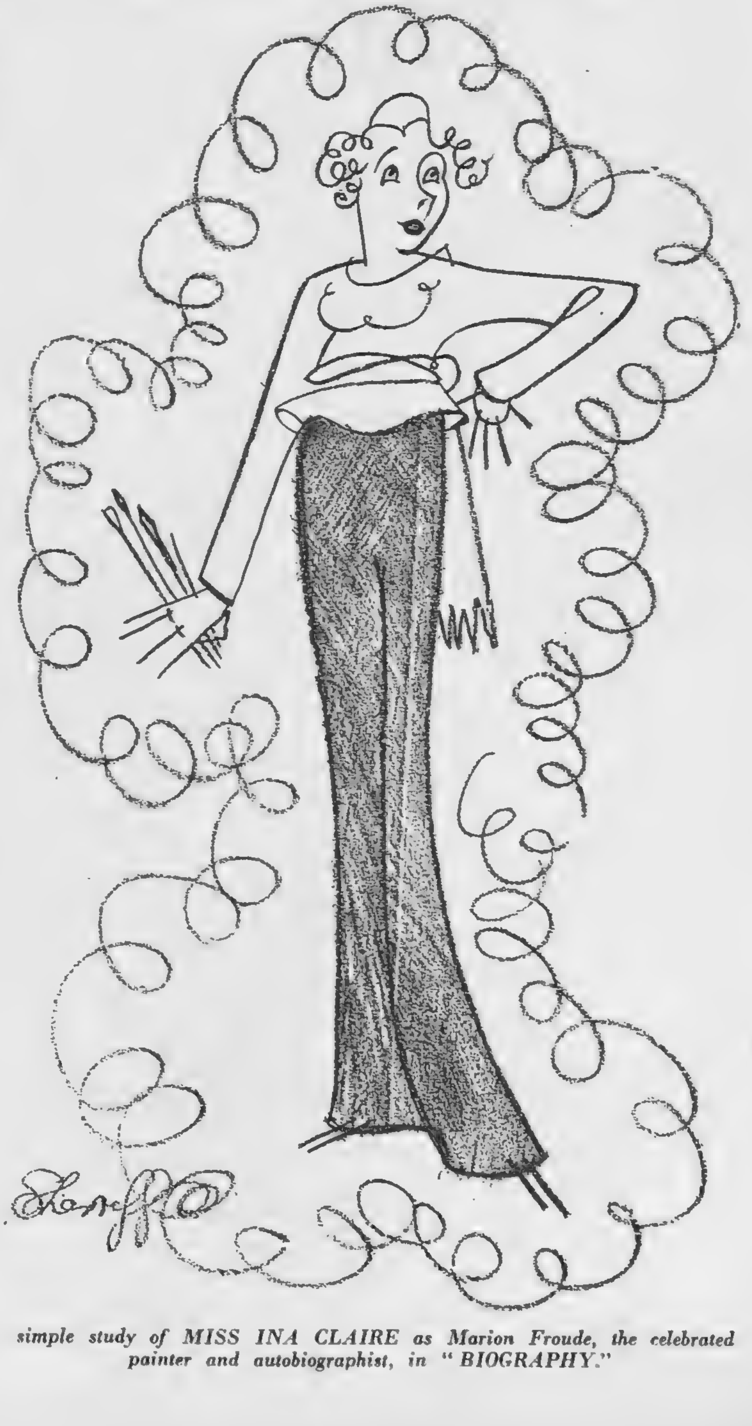
THE story of the fisherfolk all the world over, of the hardy men who pit their strength against the relentless sea, of the patient women who watch and wait and know the hope that dies with the dawn—this ancient story embraces all the ingredients of drama in its common round. No need to devise a villain or a hero, fictional adventure or thrills—no need, when it comes to cinematic representation, to bother about pictorial designs. It is all there for the asking—on the sea, in the homes, in the never-ending struggle with the elements, and the heart-stirring beauty of white-winged luggers breasting the waves. Pierre Loti's famous book, "PÊCHEUR D'ISLANDE," is rich in screen material, because its romance and tragedy are culled from the daily annals of the Breton fisherfolk. Loti understood the drama of a simple people and heard the call of the sea. The fishing fleets of Paimpol, where he wrote his masterpiece, head northwards in the spring, returning in the late summer after months of toil and danger off the coast of Iceland—months of anxiety for the fishermen's families and sweethearts. Even an outsider with the minimum of imagination must know what it means to the women when the fleet comes home, bone-white from the spray and the saltings, as I have seen it sailing in to Saint Malo under an early-morning sun. Loti's heroine, Gaud Mevel, waited in vain for the husband who chose the sea for his fiancée before Gaud's fallen fortunes removed a barrier between the fisherman and the wealthy shipowner's daughter. Pierre Guerlais, who directed and dramatised "Pêcheur d'Islande," now showing at the Academy Cinema, is inclined to linger over the love-story of Gaud and Yann, nor is he wholly successful in bringing the affairs of the sea and the hearth into unity. Of the two, I much prefer the business on board, the deep-sea fishing, the disastrous gale. Even apart from the interesting and exciting aspects of the actual fishing with line and hook—aided by a fearless dog who retrieves escaping fish—the picture has a liveliness and a keenness when it leaves the land that are somewhat lacking in the episodic romance of the rich girl and her elusive lover. Marguerite Weinberger and Thomy Bourdelle, typical in aspect of the tall and dignified Breton people, are seldom allowed to leaven their austerity with the gaiety of youth, and tears rather than smiles mark the stages of their courting. Yvette Guilbert, the famous *diseuse*, fulfils Loti's prophecy that she would one day prove herself a great tragedienne. Her study of lonely and bereft old age is masterly in its restraint. The homes and customs of Brittany, with its religious festivals and the gossips of the tavern, have the stamp of authenticity; but Paimpol takes its pleasures rather sadly withal, and I, like Yann, found myself rejoicing whenever the picture put to sea.



An impression of MR. LAURENCE OLIVIER as Richard Kurt—a rather curt and discourteous character—in "BIOGRAPHY," at the Globe Theatre.

The hero of "WILD BOY," now in its second week at the Capitol, is Mick the Miller, a famous racing greyhound whose achievements on the track thrilled many adherents of this new sport a couple of seasons ago, and whose exploits on the screen are now likely to thrill a much wider public, for among a cast which includes such popular names as that of Sonnie Hale and those well-known music-hall comedians, Flanagan and Allen, it is undoubtedly Mick the Miller who demands our sympathy, making us overlook the banalities of the story. For this is a melodrama of the greyhound racing track following the stereotyped lines of the Nat Gould formula, which long ago set the tradition that any tale of the turf was incomplete without the inclusion of a rival owner who attempts to prevent the hero's favourite from running in the big race. That these attempts are unsuccessful goes without saying, but the knowledge of this never spoils the suspense, which grips us up to the very last moment when the favourite passes the winning-post. Though the story is an old one, the background is novel, for, with the co-operation of the Greyhound Racing Association, many of the scenes were shot at the White City, while the glimpses of the training kennels and of the English countryside bear the "true-to-life" touch.

The nimble-footed Fred Astaire, the glamorous Dolores del Rio, a new dance, the "Carioca," and sensational Terpsichorean stunts combine in a successful bid for popularity in "FLYING DOWN TO RIO," a new musical comedy at the Regal. The story is of little consequence, but the pursuit of an exotic South American beauty by a volatile musical director suffices to bring the couple together in an aeroplane bound for Rio, and a forced landing supplies a romantic interlude on a tropical island. Finally arrived in Rio, our hero triumphs over complications by staging a spectacular dance-ensemble on the wings of low-flying planes, a "high-spot" in every sense of the word. Lavishly staged, pleasantly tuneful, carried along by the spirit of the dance, the picture achieves its purpose of light-hearted, spectacular entertainment.—B. T.



A simple study of MISS INA CLAIRE as Marion Froude, the celebrated painter and autobiographist, in "BIOGRAPHY."

"FLYING DOWN TO RIO"— WITH DOLORES DEL RIO.

A balloonful of beauties is presented in some of the scenes in "FLYING DOWN TO RIO," the new R.K.O. Radio Pictures' musical extravaganza at the Regal. The central figure is MOWITA CASTENADA, the lithe little Mexican star who is said to have more whoopee than Lupe.

PATTI SACKS, VIRGINIA EDWARDS, and MADELINE WILSON are displaying the newest thing in flying kit! Maybe these costumes are not warm, but they are guaranteed to prevent the male passengers being bored when in flight.

GINGER ROGERS and FRED ASTAIRE are demonstrating one of the zippy steps of the new Carioca tango introduced to America in "Flying Down to Rio." It is done with foreheads touching.

DOLORES DEL RIO and GENE RAYMOND in one of their notable love scenes in "Flying Down to Rio," which have added to their acting fame.

You never know what's coming next in a Tom Walls—Ralph Lynn—Ben Travers farce, except that you'll keep on laughing till you ache. In "A Cup of Kindness," the latest Gaumont-British film, directed by Tom Walls, there's an excursion into the Stone Age. MISS DOROTHY HYSON and MR. RALPH LYNN are the prehistoric maid and man—but Ralph Lynn has not lost his monocle!

RALPH LYNN AND DOROTHY HYSON GO ALL STONE-AGE.

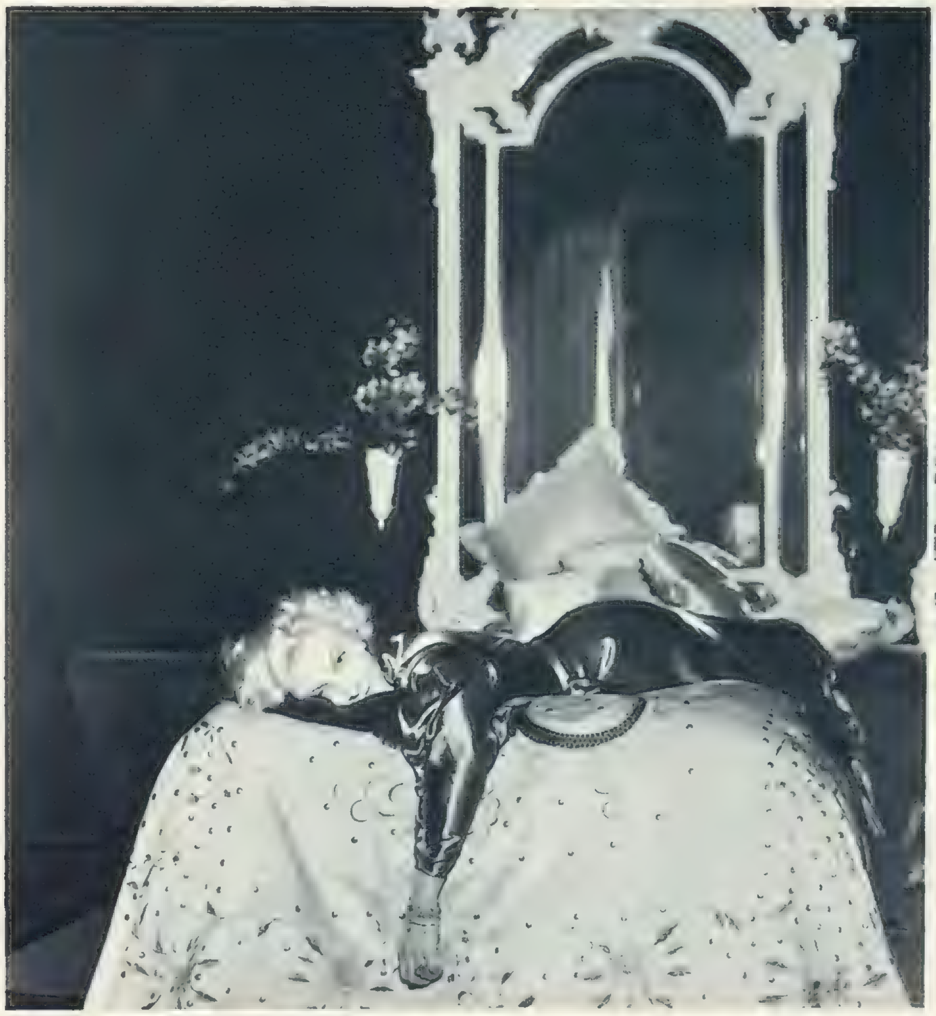
MISS DOROTHY HYSON and MR. RALPH LYNN are here doing a little prehistoric petting. The film is really a modern one.

MISS MARIE WRIGHT, MR. ROBERTSON HARE, and MR. RALPH LYNN look very Stone-Age in our "still." Their prehistoric excursion is only an episode in "A Cup of Kindness."

FRANCES DAY AT HOME.

MISS FRANCES DAY, the blonde actress, vocalist, and film player, has a nice house in Circus Road, N.W. Her famous bulldogs, "BILL" and "GINGER," have such a spacious residence there that Miss Day can step in and join their "Kennel Club" when she feels inclined!

Though Miss Frances Day's bed-room is just as decorative as it can be, the household pets are not excluded. "BILL," the bulldog, and "TIMMY," the cat, drop in to see her at breakfast-time.



The vivacious Miss Day knows how to relax, as this photograph shows! She was a cabaret artist before making a success on the stage and on the films.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA.

She knows how to wear trousers and a "mannish" shirt with the right swagger. "Bill" insists on appearing with her whenever possible.

"I can tell it blindfold . . .

It's equal to a fine liqueur"

The outstanding qualities of White Horse are everywhere recognised and approved. The tempting aroma, the rare peat and heather flavour and the softness given by age are the unmistakable signs of the whisky that is acclaimed to be equal to a fine liqueur.

Millions and millions of gallons maturing

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Half bottles and small flasks on sale

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

Novels with a Purpose.

I have no wish to revive the ancient controversy as to whether a novel with a purpose is likely to be a good novel. Most people, I believe, would say not: the novel ought to be a work of art, free from didactic intention. However, in fiction, as in real life, a purpose is not always easy to detect. "Dare to have a purpose firm, And dare to make it known," says the hymn. Many novelists have acted on this advice. One can have no doubt, reading "Water Babies," that Charles Kingsley disapproved of little boys being made to sweep chimneys. "Hard Cash" discloses, with the utmost clarity, what Charles Reade thought about private lunatic asylums. Open "Uncle Tom's Cabin" almost anywhere, and you can tell that Harriet Beecher Stowe was no friend to the Slave Trade. The rhyme of the "Ten Little Nigger Boys," as well as a phrase familiar to the patrons of the Ring, warn us of the dangers of getting into the clutches of the Court of Chancery; and those who require further conviction will find it in "Bleak House," where the case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce drags its slow length along, wasting money and ruining lives. Some of these novelists achieved their object, or incited public opinion to achieve it for them. Small boys no longer climb chimneys with smarting eyes and grazed elbows. No longer is it so easy to pop an inconvenient relation into a private asylum. Negroes are occasionally lynched, but they are no longer bought and sold. But, strangely enough, the doughtiest of all these paladins of the pen was also the least successful. The Court of Chancery goes its way—its slow way. The successors of Miss Flite still "expect a judgment. Shortly. At the Day of Judgment."

"Holy Deadlock."

Whether Mr. A. P. Herbert, whose "Holy Deadlock" is a frontal attack on the laws and customs pertaining to divorce in England, will meet the same reverse that Dickens did, remains to be seen. His indictment is very full and grave. John Adam and Mary Eve got married. He was a moderately successful publisher, she a very successful actress. He was an intelligent, quiet, amiable man; she was—with all respect to Mr. Herbert, who has a *faible* for her—a goose; a nice goose, perhaps, but a goose. Her telegrams to John touch a depth of silliness surely never plumbed before. Still, no one deserves to be made miserable simply because she is foolish. John's personality was too lack-lustre to retain the affection of his brilliant wife. For seven years she did her best to overlook his inadequacies; then she found her affinity in Mr. Martin Seal, a golden-tongued announcer at the B.B.C. She asked John to release her, and, like a gentleman, he agreed.

How the Law put every possible obstacle in the way of this ill-matched couple achieving their freedom is the subject of "Holy Deadlock." Somebody said, "The Law is a Hass." Mr. Herbert, whether directly or by implication, says much more than that. If the Law's metaphorical body is capable of feeling, it should now be in the position of a bull in the arena with the matador poised for the last stroke—so deeply have Mr. Herbert's shafts gone home. And they have been delivered so good-naturedly, and (on the whole) with such light, pleasant irony, that the very judges of the Divorce Court will rock with laughter as they realise the folly and cruelty of the system they help to administer.

Two Sides to the Picture.

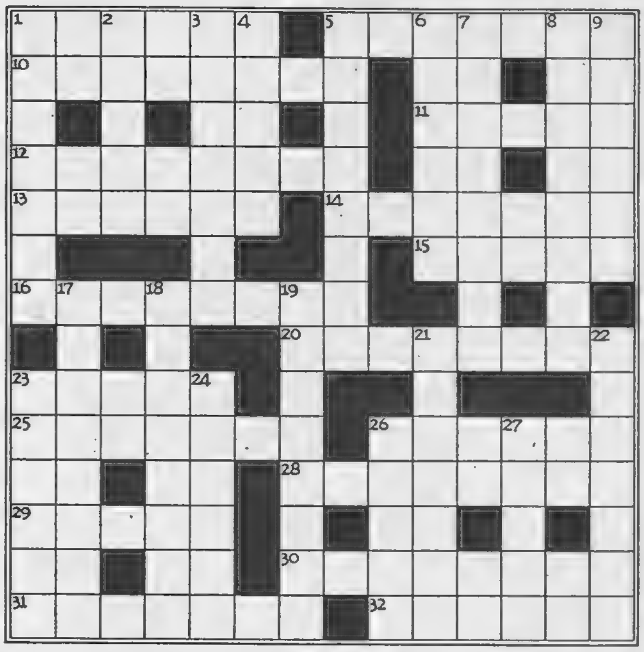
"Holy Deadlock," then, is an extremely amusing book. Considered as a novel, it has its defects. Mary's character is inconsistent. First she appears as a nurse, with careful hand smoothing the pillows of soldiers wounded in the war. Next as an ardent social worker, bringing gaiety and health to battalions of slum children. Then, as a musical-comedy star, incredibly frivolous, at any rate in telegrams. And lastly, as a gallant, suffering woman, whose inborn, almost Washingtonian instinct for telling the truth is cruelly thwarted by the crooked methods of the law as administered in the Divorce Courts. Moreover, there is one aspect of the story which Mr. Herbert, in his eloquent plea for easier divorce, slightly glosses over. This is the suffering caused to John Adam by Mary's wish to get rid of him. Naturally, divorce suited her; she had found someone else she loved. But it was rather hard on John, who still loved her, and was compelled by her caprice to put himself in a number of ignominious, though diverting, situations. Mr. Herbert tends to assume that both parties would benefit equally by getting their freedom. Actually, freedom was the last thing poor Adam wanted, though out of pure unselfishness he was prepared to help Mary to get it. There is no good reason, as far as I can see, why John's love for Mary should be sacrificed to Mary's

[*Continued on page x.*

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. This ought to be superior to the ordinary sixpenny doss, though it *is* cut short.
5. Delighted, of course, but it 's no good hoping you won't come to harm.
10. You stop here for a rest, and now the all-fired thing won't start!
11. Put on as a means of coercion. It may entail hard work getting it!
12. It shows a bit of leg, and it may tempt you to show a good deal more this summer!
13. Is met with head on. There 's no dodging it.
14. If you get near tar you 'll have to tell.
15. He probably didn't approve of *kissing* under the mistletoe, but then, he was a sort of parson!
16. You 'll be all right if you can make sure of half of it: it 's so valuable.
20. It may hold a drink if you subtract what is added, but it must all be properly decided.
23. And this can be decided by a show of hands. They may give you a shock, though!
25. Dot and carry one? No, carry three, and then some! Daft, isn't it?
26. Rather unpleasantly coated. That 's the surface meaning, anyway.
28. Tap which bids you get up, Sir.
29. "Rowndabout" way of asking.
30. Even if you do get catty after fifty-one, this will save you!
31. You 'll get your steak, but you can't expect it to be *all* lean.
32. The charge may be, but hardly the criminal's photograph.



NOTE. Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

DOWN.

1. What 's for dinner? You can have a bet about it if you care to take the risk.
2. These can be put up quite cheaply, but can you put up with the consequences?
3. Shuns. Go on till you get a bite.
4. What to do with the garden. It 's good for the figure!
5. Here you get *stuck*; but that 's better than getting mad, as you would if you changed the first letter.
6. Remove the sad part, and what 's left? Ah, there 's the rub! And that 's just what Euclid would say!
7. Happened again? Well, finish it off: it 's dogged as does it!
8. Seems to be slack water, but it 's rather late in the day.
9. The way to solve this is to get the donkey to run after the bird. Now, has it upon you?
17. This can be read just as it is, so you needn't do so!
18. Means to give notice because the lady is over weight.
19. Untrustworthy, of course; but when cars get out of order you must bring in someone to help.
21. Take off your hat and give Uncle a bit of a show before it is over.
22. Ye can't be in two places at once, can't ye? Well, ye won't be if ye peel an onion!
23. Notice our absence? Of course she does!
24. Think of the disgrace when Mother comes in late!
26. Express incredulity and you 'll get off eventually.
27. It 's all right as a general rule, but the chatter is deadly.

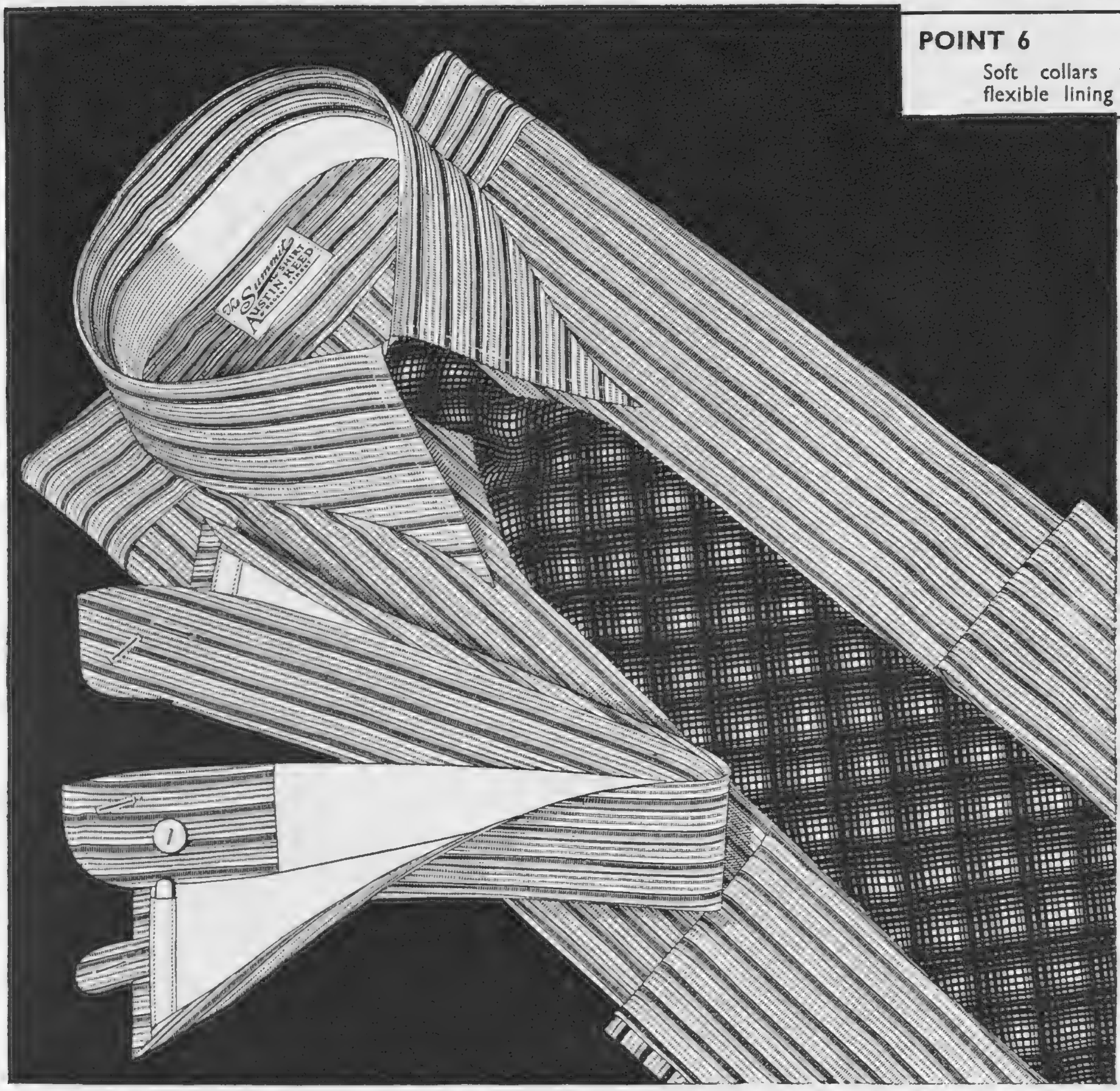
A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, May 28, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page VIII) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

THE SIX-POINT SUMMIT SHIRT 10/6

POINT 6
Soft collars with fine flexible lining



This year for the first time you can buy a Summit shrunk woven lustre shirt made to the most exacting standard of tailoring and finish for 10/6. You can of course pay more than 10/6 for a shirt, even for a Summit shirt, and if you do you may get a finer and more luxurious material. But that is all. Every Summit shirt is, and always has been, guaranteed against shrinking and against its colours fading. Call at any Austin Reed shop and we will show you the comparable, visible, indisputable superiorities of these new shirts.

THE NEW SUMMIT **10/6** SHIRT made of fine *Summit shrunk* woven lustre. Three sleeve lengths to every collar size. The price includes two soft collars to match.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

Looking Back.

More golfing history has been made since I last wrote, though melancholy history from our point of view. Once again the United States team has won the Walker Cup, and far more decisively than on the two previous occasions it was played for over the Old Course. I am writing this the day after, just on the point of leaving for Porthcawl, where the ladies are engaged in their Open Championship on a links that Tom Simpson has recently renovated and retouched. St. Andrews is deserted. The Captains and Kings have departed; most of them on their way to the Silver Tassie competition at Gleneagles, and thereafter to Prestwick for the Amateur Championship, which will have been begun when this issue appears. Only a few notice-boards bearing the admonition " Badges must be worn " remain to remind one—if one were in any danger of forgetting—of two interesting, but for us very sad, days.

MR. FRANCIS OUIMET (Woodland), the American Captain, is all smiles! No wonder, for his team won the Walker Cup by nine matches to two, with one halved. SIR ERNLEY BLACKWELL (right), Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, is smiling too, although, as a Britisher, he ought, perhaps, to have felt sad in the circumstances!

Some Impressions.

It is no use crying over spilt milk, and no good disguising that we were beaten by a better side. There are no excuses to offer, and the sooner we realise it the better. In the end it all comes down to this. The methods employed by the American Walker Cup players are, by and large, sounder than our own. Years ago, when they first came over as a side, that was the impression left on my mind. So much so, that when such an authority as John Low agreed, I stressed the point in several articles. To-day I am even more convinced, especially after a conversation I had with Michael Scott, who gave me a most illuminating illustration. He was once talking with Bobby Jones on the Royal St. George's Links, and, pointing out a British golfer in the distance preparing to play, said: " Can you see who that is ? " " No," replied Bobby. " Nor can I," said Michael, " but I 'll tell you who he is when he swings. Could you do that of your players ? " " I could not," answered Bobby. And another side-light on this Scott also gave me. " There is no difference in the swing between the practice shot of a member of the American side and his actual stroke. With us generally, the practice swing is all that it should be, but into the stroke itself comes a tightening up that is most marked." I can bear that out, for I was standing with a friend and saw Jack Westland in the distance behind some heather play, as we thought, two strokes. The first proved to have been a practice swing.

The congratulations which this girl golfing " fan " is bestowing on MR. J. McLEAN (Hayston) and MR. E. A. McRUVIE (Innerleven) were well deserved! They were the only British winners in the Walker Cup foursomes, as they beat Ouimet and Moreland by four and two.

The Importance of the Occasion.

Then there is another aspect. For the American side there is apparently no such thing as the importance of the occasion. Each member of it played in the match in exactly the same manner as in the practice rounds before the event. That, surely, can only come from quiet and justifiable self-confidence, confidence that one's method is so sound that one can depend upon it in all conditions. Honestly, I can say I never once saw a strained or worried look upon the face of any American player. In fact, I should describe the expression of one and all of the side as serene. I cannot say the same for the general run of our leading players, quite apart from our own side, upon this occasion; and surely the combination of soundness and mental serenity must have a great bearing upon results ?

Putting.

Then there was the putting. Every time an American took up his stance upon the green he looked dangerous. Only two or three of our side left the same impression. I cannot help thinking that in putting also our attitude is different from that of our visitors. Here is an illustration of what I mean. I fancy most of our side and most of our golfers are content to lay a long putt dead, or, and better, to be " past the hole." Michael Scott, against whom Johnny Goodman holed a cruel number of putts, asked him: " Do you play to be past the hole with a long putt ? " " No," said Goodman, " I play to be in." Just that difference of mental attitude, but what a lot lies in that difference! I wonder what will happen at Prestwick. The Americans are not well drawn, for early on some will meet, but those that remain must be reckoned as a very serious menace to the cup remaining in this country.

MR. T. A. TORRANCE (Royal and Ancient; left) was the only British winner in the singles in the Walker Cup Match, which the Americans won so decisively! He is here seen walking in with his opponent, MR. MAX MARSTON (Gulph Mills, Penn.), whom he defeated by one hole. They are both well protected from the torrential rain!

The Dinner in the Club.

On the night of the match, the Royal and Ancient Club entertained the two teams and some friends to dinner in the Club. The Captain, Sir Ernley Blackwell, was in the Chair, supported by Colonel Harry Bethune, Walter Forthringham of Murthly, Lieut.-Colonel Crieff Skene of Pitlour, Edward Blackwell, Dr. Younger — all past Captains of the Club—and Bernard Darwin, the Captain-elect. It was a most jolly and delightful gathering, especially when Francis Ouimet sang some of his songs and, with Jack Westland and Chandler Egan, led the company in a number of glees. Now they and the other members of the side have left on a dash south to play first over Sir Philip Sassoon's course, and then over that of the Hon. Lady Baillie at Leeds Castle, near Maidstone, a course Cecil Hutchison and I laid out a few years ago. I hope they didn't make it look too ridiculous!

PLAYER'S

CORK – TIPS FOR DAINTY LIPS

10 for 6d 20 for 11½d

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes are also packed in handy little cartons of 5 for 3d. Ideal for the lady's handbag.

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Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"NO; but what I say is that such shares are not everybody's money. Some folks like a bit more than a measly three or four per cent. And that 's about all you get from the ordinary shares of the best-class industrials. If as much."

He instanced Reckitts, Carreras, Dunlops. "There are a score of others," said he, "all absolutely top-hole, but paying you mighty little on the money you put into them."

"How about electric lighting shares," suggested a broker desirous of shedding illumination on the subject.

"What do you get from them?" enquired Our Stroller, to whom the Grid had indirectly brought handsome financial benefit.

"Barely four per cent., taking the London companies and the best of those in the provinces."

"Stands Scotland where she did?"

"I include Scottish Power and Clyde Valley in my list of averages. The provincial companies are often issuing fresh capital in shares at bonus prices, so you stand to get an occasional slice of cake in that way."

"Electric-current cake, eh? But you 'll have to wait a long time for any plums from London electricity shares."

"Think so? The standard dividend is seven per cent., I know, but there 's a sporting chance that the companies will pay an extra half per cent. for this year."

"If they do, you can't say the shares are dear at their present prices; and in any case they are as gilt-edged an investment as anything of their kind can be. Hullo, Fred! How goes it?"

The young fellow came to attention, stood at ease, and shrugged his shoulders.

"No luck?"

"No luck. Everybody 's full up. What makes the Stock Exchange so beastly popular these days? Wish now that I 'd taken on the Governor's offer three years ago."

"You would have had less difficulty then, my son," his father agreed. "It 's an expensive business becoming a member of the House to-day."

He ran over the various items.

"Nomination, nine hundred; three Stock Exchange shares, say eight hundred. That 's seventeen. Six hundred guineas entrance fee and a hundred guineas subscription. About twenty-four hundred altogether."

"To say nothing of three sureties for five hundred pounds each."

"And sureties aren't too easy to get nowadays," remarked a jobber. "I had a bit of a job over my boy's recommenders last month."

"'Recommenders?' Oh, sureties, you mean. I didn't recognise them under their professional name. Why don't you try to get in as a blue-button and save half the money in four years' time?"

"That 's the trouble, Sir. The people I 've been to see are all full up with House clerks——"

"It 's nothing short of scandalous," said an indignant broker, "that firms with six or eight partners shouldn't be allowed more than three unauthorised clerks. We really want half a dozen, to cope properly with the business."

"Things will be slacking off before long. They often do about Derby Day, you know," and the speaker linked arms with another who also was wending his way towards the racing tape in the old Westralian market.

They stopped, of course, to have a look at the cricket board. Whatever people may say about the decline of general interest in the national game, the Stock Exchange, at all events, follows cricket news with undiminished attention.

"This new Commonwealth Finance Company is a fairly ambitious effort," a broker remarked to Our Stroller. Who thought it safer to look wise and await developments.

The Mock Trial here caricatured took the place of speeches at the SAFETY FIRST DINNER at the Park Lane Hotel last week. Fred May's drawing shows: (1) SIR HERBERT BLAIN, C.B.E., and (2) MR. GORDON STEWART, as Sir Orlbutt Tame and Mr. G. Fuller Danes, who were charged, respectively, as President and Vice-Patron, with founding, subsidising, and illustrating a subversive movement; to wit, the "Safety First" movement. MR. HERBERT MORRISON (4) is Counsel for the Defence; MR. J. R. HOWARD ROBERTS (5), the Judge; (6) is SIR STENSON COOKE; (7) MAJOR H. R. WATLING, Director of the British Cycle and Motor Cycle Manufacturers and Traders Association; (8) MR. LESLIE WALTON, of Vauxhall Motors; (9) SIR CYRIL HURCOMBE; (10) EARL HOWE; (11) LT.-COLONEL J. A. PICKARD, D.S.O., the Secretary of the "Safety First" Association; (12) The HON. OLIVER STANLEY, M.C., M.P., the Minister of Transport; (13) LT.-COLONEL A. HACKING, D.S.O., M.C., Director of the Motor Manufacturers Association; and (14) MR. J. R. CLYNES. H.R.H. the Duke of York graciously consented to serve as foreman of the jury.

"It 's a sound idea," the broker went on. "South Africa has its finance companies. So has West Africa. Surely Australia has an equal claim to such support, eh?"

He spoke so aggressively that Our Stroller answered in haste, "Oh, yes, yes. Most decidedly."

"I 'm glad you agree with me. There 's plenty of room for a company of this kind, and the new one should do well, I reckon; what?"

"But for people who don't fancy mining shares, and who can't afford to take the miserable income that the best industrials give, what do you advise?" asked another broker.

"There are shares in the good breweries."

"Paying precious little. Chance of increased dividends, I admit. For the time being, you don't get much of a yield."

"Rubber shares will be giving you decent returns in a couple of years' time."

"Another case of waiting. Same with tea shares."

"Why not newspapers?" said a jobber in that market. "Their dividends ought to improve before long."

The two brokers nodded assent.

"The trouble is," one of them summed up, "that prices are all so high already."

"Dorman Long Debenture, on the coming scheme."

"Not too bad. Tipped all over the place, though, and I don't like that. They have as many supporters as Great Universal Stores."

"You can't find fault with them, come now," a dealer remonstrated. "My sister sent me a sketchy article six months ago; told me to buy her some of the shares——"

"Which you did through a broker?"

"——and"—the interruption carefully ignored—"she has done jolly well out of them."

"That 's the sort of person who makes the money. If she had been in the Stock Exchange——"

"A House-wife, so to speak."

"Must you do all the talking?"

"She would have sold her Great Universals at five shillings a share profit, instead of making three times as much as she has done by keeping the shares."

"Funny, isn't it?" Our Stroller observed. "Insiders never seem to hold their investments long enough."

Three men standing by gave vent to audible groans, and invited investigation of their books.

"Companies like British Insulated, Callenders, and Henleys are worth your notice," said a jobber very politely.

Our Stroller was studying some of the other notices, pinned to a board. "You Stock Exchange people cling very devotedly to ancient news," he commented, pointing to the dates that headed some of the letters from secretaries and registrars.

His broker warned him against the craze for being too much up to date.

"I can't see the prospectus," Our Stroller went on, "of the company that floated the Ark. Hasn't that reached you yet?"

"We don't exhibit prospectuses on the notice-boards," rejoined the broker, a little tartly. "Try your wit on something else."

"Where is the Committee's notice for suspending the buying-in when Joseph made his famous corner in wheat?"

"Now, there 's a share you might recommend," the broker deviated. "Spillers Milling. Scope there for dividend increase and capital appreciation."

"You wouldn't let me buy Ranks, you may remember."

"I was a fool, as events have shown. But I did give you Marks and Spencer, and look how they 've gone up. Wall Paper deferred: that 's another. You could have made a fortune out of them if you had only——"

"Why tell me that now? What I want to know are things which will do in the future what these you 've just mentioned have done in the past."

The broker shook his head.

"But there must be lots——"

"If you want to speculate, buy American Celanese, Brazilian Tractions, Forestal Land. 'You don't like them'?"

The broker sighed heavily, and, without another word, led his client straight across to the mining markets. *Friday, May 18, 1934.*

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY - SMITH

There is nothing like flowers at the neck for keeping the chin up. For one thing, comfort demands it, and for another, one is so conscious of their charming and flattering influence that one instinctively rises to the occasion.

Two checked muslin camellias—white with touches of blue—are seen in the above photograph. They cost only 2s. 6d. each, and, with the sun-glass gauntlet gloves, come from Peter Robinson, of Oxford Circus, W. The hands of the gloves are of silk, and the cuffs are trimmed with rouleaux either in a contrasting shade or in the same colour.

To wear with the printed dresses that are having such a success both during the day and in the evening, nothing could be more attractive than a Kähling-Dresden china bracelet. Each individual section of the bracelet is painted in fascinating colours and designs by Kähling, the well-known German artist, while Mr. N. L. Parker, of Stafford Armstrong, Ltd., 19-22, Finsbury Court, E.C.2, has made thoroughly practical the use of such delicate porcelain. The colourings are quite lovely and very unusual, and these bracelets are obtainable for one guinea practically everywhere. Should you experience any difficulty in finding them, you have only to write to Messrs. Stafford Armstrong, Ltd.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN EVERARD

The radiance of diamonds swinging from her ears—the soft gleam of pearls encircling her throat—could any woman fail to respond to their magic? Gems should not be left to languish unseen in the deep, unfathomed caves of ocean: they should add to our delight. And, after all, they are an investment! When really lovely pearl necklaces may be bought for from £50 to £375, and when diamond rings in the new emerald cutting which so intensifies their light and sparkle can be found from £50, it seems hard to resist their lure.

The diamond bracelet in the picture on the left is composed of carefully selected stones, and is of London workmanship. With the other jewellery, it comes from Mappin and Webb, of London. The graceful ear-rings gain tremendously by the introduction of fine baguette diamonds, while the diamond brooch is an example of delicate scroll and relief work.

I N D I V I D U A L I T Y

SITTING in the Hanover Square salons, I had been watching the very beautiful collection of Mid-Season models which were being presented by M. Jean-Charles Worth, and, as the last of the mannequins disappeared, I decided that the readers of "The Sketch" would undoubtedly be more interested in M. Jean-Charles's own views than in my reaction to the clothes he has designed.

So I took a deep breath, and—"Tell me," I said, "what in your opinion is the outstanding characteristic of the clothes of to-day, and what is going to happen to the clothes we shall wear in the autumn?"—I felt that these were fairly comprehensive questions, and I only hoped that M. Jean-Charles would not retreat before my sudden onslaught.

He certainly did not. He just smiled and talked. London, he says, is more interesting than it has ever been before, for the women of the rest of the world are becoming so standardised in their ideals of beauty that individuality is being stamped out. It is the Englishwoman who continues to dress to suit her own type, and in so doing upholds the magnificent tradition of the grande couture. It is she who insists on making her own choice, and simply refuses to accept whatever may be offered to her.

The link-up between dress and social life is, he feels, the outstanding feature of the present season. No longer is it considered permissible to rush around all day in a tailored dress or suit. Life is a little less difficult than it was, and clothes reflect this in their increased graciousness, and in their tendency towards what a short time ago would have seemed frankly frivolous. Women are turning again to colour, to gaiety, to elegance.

There is a romantic or a dramatic air about the dresses they wear at night. They swish and murmur as they walk. They froth and billow about the shoulders. They say so much—and they do it so discreetly. There is the dress on the opposite page. It has been made in black taffeta, and it lifts in front to reveal a petticoat of kilted white organdie. Just a narrow panel it shows—no more, and the same kilted frills outline the décolleté and trim the little cape, which is thrown back and tied with a crisp bow beneath the chin. It is an adorable frock, and the way in which it breaks away from the figure at the knees is a miracle of ingenuity.

To-day, says M. Jean-Charles, the great designer searches not for something that is new in any startling sense, but for fabrics that express the spirit of the age. For materials that are young, that avoid formality without seeming to be casual, that introduce new weaves and combinations of colours that are piquant and amusing.

As for the autumn—clothes will continue to be moulded to the body, and, though the silhouette will change to some extent, the general line will remain, for modern ideals of feminine beauty permit no distortion.

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

5000 MILES IN TRANQUILLITY · MY ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY SPORTS COUPÉ.

THIS morning, as I backed out of my garage, my speedometer clicked up to 5000 miles. And because during the whole of this distance the car has been so very satisfactory, I am impelled to put pen to paper in its praise. It is a compact four-seater coupé, with a gracefully curving back, lacquered a delicate green that tones-in, this sunny afternoon in May, with the hedges and trees and the young grass in the meadows. Its lines suggest speed and lightness. The slim screen pillars and the shape of its long windows give it a pleasantly airy appearance. With the roof open, one would imagine oneself in an open tourer.

It is a six-cylinder "Twelve," costing less than £300. It possesses a useful turn of speed, and, more valuable still, has the faculty of getting from town to town in an astonishingly short time. It is very comfortable and very safe. What is it? It is the new Armstrong-Siddeley Sports Coupé, christened by its makers "the car for the younger generation." The three months during which I have driven it have only confirmed what I have always felt about the Armstrong-Siddeley "Twelve": that, for sheer honest hard work, absolute dependability, and evenly-balanced qualities of comfort, safety, and performance, it would be hard to find a more reasonably-priced car.

Last year I owned one of the larger models of the same rated h.p., the Sports Saloon. In 12,000 miles it gave never an instant's trouble. It was never decarbonised, and the brakes were adjusted only once, when 7500 miles had been covered. I never took out a sparking-plug, cleaned the carburetter, or did any of those things which most cars need doing to them at intervals. I changed the oil regularly and greased the chassis when I had time—which wasn't often. My new car has the same well-tried engine and gear-box, and the axles and brakes are of similar design to those on my previous car. But, owing to a narrower track and shorter wheelbase, it is about 4 cwt. lighter. Consequently it is decidedly more lively, a shade faster, and very much more amusing to handle.

A FORD 8-h.p. SALOON DE LUXE is a good "buy" at £145. The specimen in our photograph is posed at Runnymede, with "Magna Charta" Island in the background.

With many low-powered cars, one sighs for something bigger and faster if a really long run has to be made. But the new Sports Coupé Armstrong-Siddeley has just those attributes of speed and comfort needed for motoring of this sort. The maximum speed is in the vicinity of 65 m.p.h., and one can push the needle well past the "seventy" mark on a slight down-grade. The average speed capabilities, however, are out of all proportion to the maximum. I lent the car to a girl friend for the R.A.C. Rally, and she averaged 50 m.p.h. for over 100 miles! The other night a man I know drove it from Staines to Malvern, including observing the famous 30 m.p.h. limit through Oxford, at an over-all average of 46 m.p.h. I myself drove a "sister car" to mine from St. John's Wood to Barnby Moor at a 46·8-m.p.h. average.

Lest it should be thought that this "takes some doing," let me hasten to add that 60 m.p.h. was never exceeded all the way, and the car had to battle against a strong head-wind for the whole of the 140-odd miles. It is because of its amazing cornering capabilities that such good point-to-point times are recorded. The road-holding is exceptionally good, on a par with that of a full-blooded sports model, and the brakes are so powerful that, with them to call on in an emergency, one can sustain a high cruising speed all day long. As an example of its stability, I may mention that, in order to avoid an almost certain smash when a man's seized-up engine and his car skidded across my path, I turned the car completely round at 60 m.p.h. It remained on an absolutely even keel and pulled up in three times its own length.

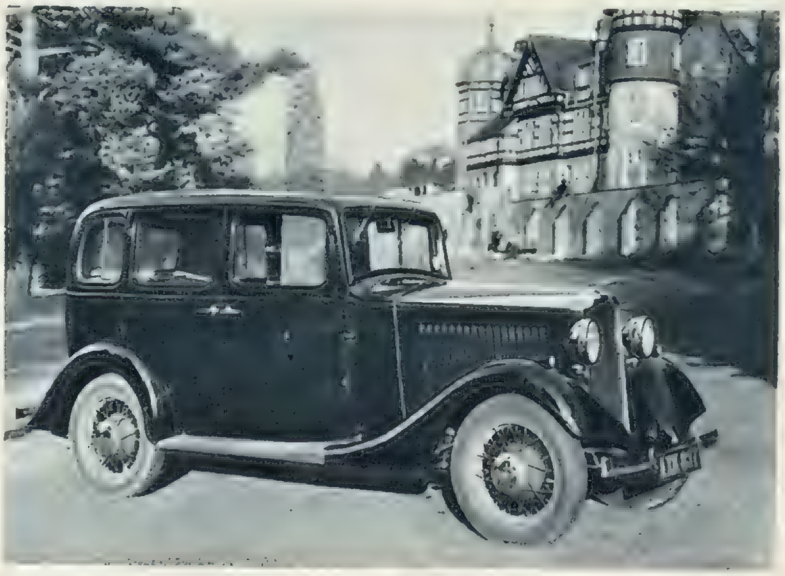
I never cease to marvel at the stamina of the engine. One can literally drive "flat out" for hours on end, including running up to 30 m.p.h. on second gear and 50 m.p.h. on third when overtaking other vehicles. The engine—a side-valve job—never tires, and the day after a real "flogging" it seems to go better than ever. The valve clearances and plug-gaps never seem to vary. Certainly they never require adjustment.

The comfort of the car is such that one seems to be riding in a much larger vehicle. It is enhanced by the correct driving position, the excellent visibility, and the extreme lightness of the steering and all other controls. The freedom from gear-changing worries afforded by the Armstrong-Siddeley self-changing gear, the power of the brakes, and the reassuring feeling that if a puncture is experienced the jacks are already fitted ready for use, under the axles, all help to give the mental comfort without which no motoring is really enjoyable.

The AUSTIN "TEN-FOUR" is a British product that has won world-wide popularity, so it's not the least surprising to see one of these famous cars in Ronda, Andalusia, figuring in an attractive photograph which illustrates the charm of springtime in Southern Spain.

The bodywork is well finished, and, unlike many sliding-roof coupés, no draughts are experienced when the roof is open. The quarter-lights slide back a few inches, and are set at such an angle that an extractor effect is created, drawing tobacco smoke and vitiated air from the interior without the occupants being aware that any windows are open. There is a folding arm-rest in the rear-seat squab, and two adults (if they are not too tall) can sit comfortably in the back. The rear panel of the body hinges back, revealing a capacious luggage-space. The front seats are, of course, readily adjustable.

The engine of my car is particularly smooth and silent, as is the back-axle. The gear-box is quiet, but has the characteristic hum of this type of transmission on the lower gears. Petrol consumption varies from 20 to 25 m.p.g., according to the speed at which it is driven. Oil consumption is about 800 m.p.g. Except for the front bumpers coming loose and their scroll-ends cracking, and the somewhat inconstant behaviour of the constant-voltage dynamo, I have had no complaints to make. My 1934 Sports Coupé (which, by the way, costs £298) shows every sign of running better and better as the speedometer mileage mounts up. I am confident that it will give the same trouble-free service as its predecessor, while I am well satisfied that its performance in every way is even better than that of any of the earlier small Armstrong-Siddeley models.



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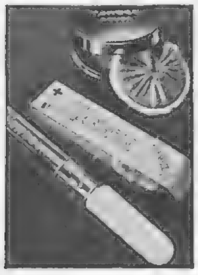

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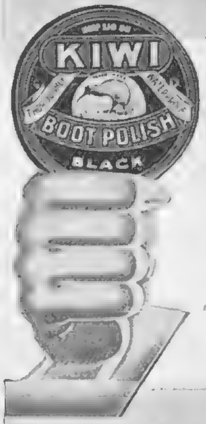

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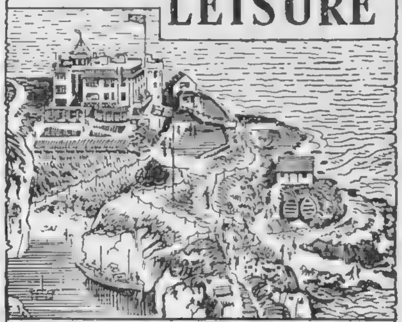

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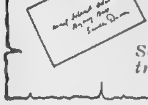

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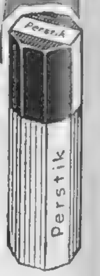

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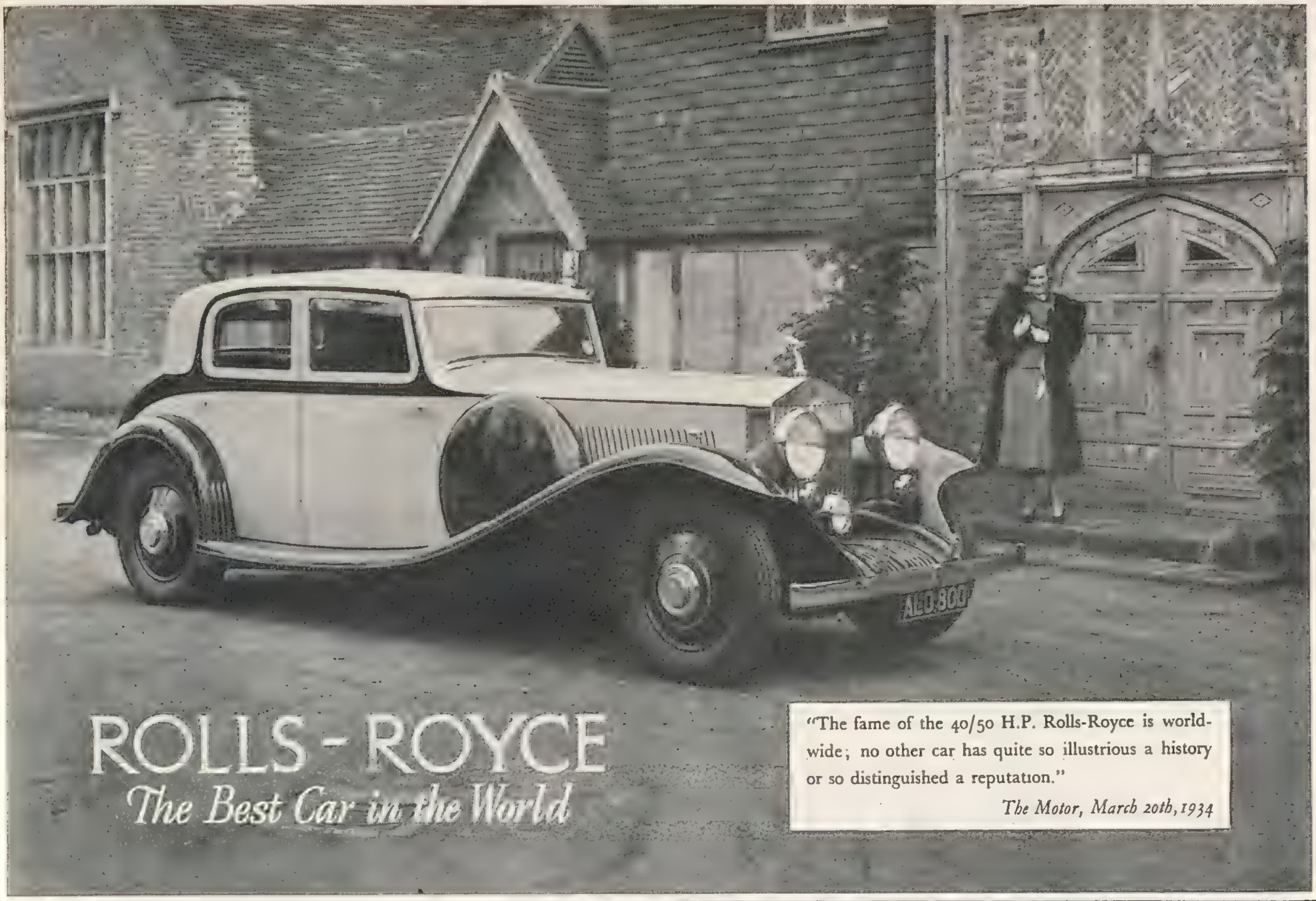

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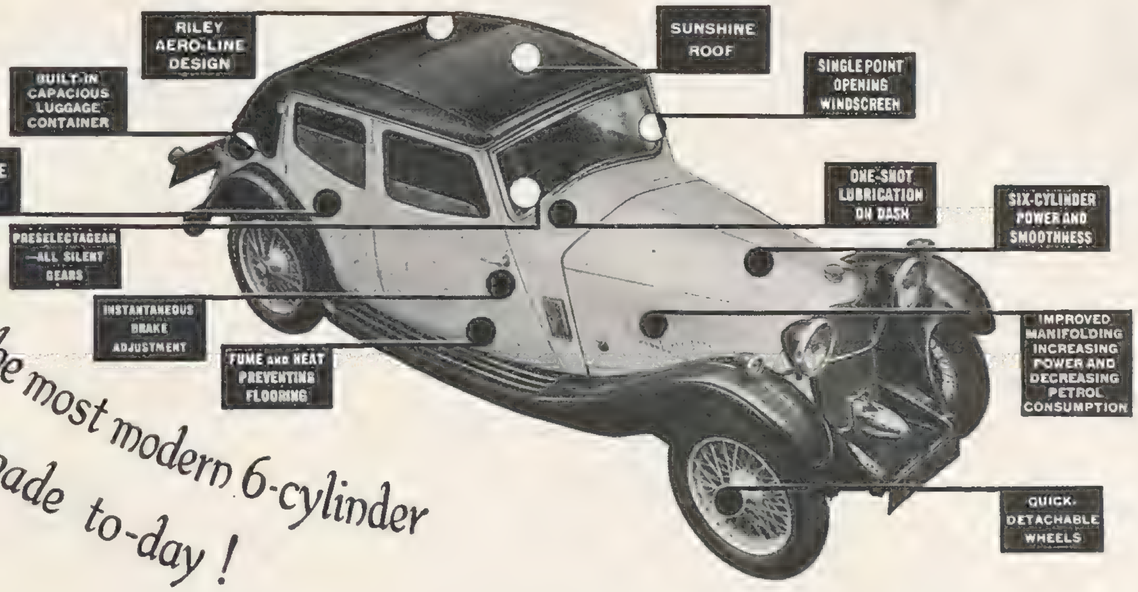

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The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON.

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(*See Page 364.*) 23/5/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLV.

COMMON SENSE GOES ASTRAY.

MY friend George Hervey has sent me a copy of his latest book on contract, inscribed "To Major Browning, who, as usual, will no doubt find much to cavil at!" As it is better to have a bad reputation than no reputation at all, I accept this sly dig at me as a compliment.

Chapter I. of "Modern Contract Bridge" (George Bell and Sons; 6s.) made me sit up and say "Hello! At last we have an English author who has something to say," for the said author shows up systems and their imbecilities in very plain language and gives us to understand that common sense is the only true guide to correct bridge play. "The beginner must be taught card-sense." That's the stuff to give your readers—every word of it sound common sense. But, alas! our author, in common with many others, finds the path of common sense so narrow and rocky that he is soon bumped off it into the wider fields of inconsequential theory. "I have met no mechanical system that is worthy of second consideration." It is startling to read later on: ". . . I *recommend* the 4-3-2-1 count. I *advise* an initial bid of one no-trump by dealer or second hand on a hand that totals thirteen with three suits guarded, or twelve if all four suits are guarded." This is trying to have it all ways, omitting only the common-sense way and, *as usual*, Mr. Hervey falls into the common error of supposing that fourth hand must be particularly strong to open the bidding: "He requires a total of sixteen with three suits guarded, or fifteen with four suits guarded." It is strange to find such an authority proposing the lead of Queen from Q, Kn, x in one hand with A, x, x, x in the other, which lead, of course, cannot possibly win a trick, but can (and often does) lose one.

But perhaps the most astonishing lapse from card- and common-sense occurs under "Business Doubles and Re-doubles." Z is dealt six cards to the four top honours in both hearts and spades and one losing card—a card certainty for small slam in either suit. Six diamonds were bid against him. Now, listen: "Z did not double. Despite his two aces, he could be certain that B was chicane in either hearts or spades. He *therefore* bid six spades." I like the "therefore" so much that I put it in italics—it deserves it!

Another sly dig at me is made when dealing with the Eleven Rule. "Major Browning, who writes for *The Sketch*, puts the case as follows: 'The lead of fourth best against no-trump play is definitely the worst lead that can be made!! . . . but in every single case the lead helps declarer to make his contract—more often than not it makes his contract a certainty.' Boiled down," says Mr. Hervey, "the argument put forward by Major Browning is simply that you should not give information to your partner because you are giving information to the declarer." Now look: ". . . on this basis of argument it was quite wrong for Foch to have told Haig what his plans were in case Hindenburg got to hear of them." Correct! It would be quite wrong for Foch to advertise his complete plan of attack to Haig, if, at the same time, he passed the information across to Hindenburg as well, especially when, for obvious reasons, that information must be of infinitely greater importance to his enemy than to his friend. The analogy is a bad one, my friend—it *helps* my case—the lead of fourth best is more informative to declarer than to partner, therefore it is a bad one—definitely the worst that can be made.

Apart from these and a few other slips from the common-card-sense guide to success, "Modern Contract Bridge" is a most readable book and worthy of bridge-players' notice. The truth is that for some inexplicable reason writers on contract, no matter how well-intentioned at the start, are unable later on to resist the temptation of introducing a few stunts into their bidding and playing methods. Stunts may look well in print; analysed, they are but so much claptrap—theoretically unsound and disastrous in practice. There would seem to be but two writers who stick to common sense all through: one is P. Hal Sims (and even he, I regret to say, has a slight leaning towards the informative double); the other had better not be mentioned at the moment.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, MAY 16.

ACROSS.—1. Tender. 5. Snail. 9. Tanner. 11. Nuggets. 12. Troubles. 13. Bacilli. 14. Praise. 15. Snags. 17. Sidelight. 19. Hereafter. 22. Sting. 25. Ration. 27. Learner. 28. Macaroni. 29. Spiders. 30. Skeins. 31. Stage. 32. Sherry.

DOWN.—1. Toucan. 2. Negligee. 3. Dwells. 4. Rusticity. 5. Strop. 6. Natural. 7. Inkling. 8. Snubs. 10. Resent. 16. Idealists. 18. Intruder. 19. Hermes. 20. Ratchet. 21. Adoring. 22. Saline. 23. Nearly. 24. Grass. 26. Noose.

MR. E. M. MARSHALL, Brockhurst, Church Stretton, Salop, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of May 9 to be first opened on Monday morning, May 14. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to him.

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SHELL

ON THE ROAD

YOU CAN BE

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Sanderson's

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 364.)

love for Martin. If one so chooses, one can regard the law as trying to defend John's fidelity against Mary's fickleness. Were the parties in most divorce suits both equally anxious to separate, the law would indeed be grotesque that puts obstacles in their way. But I imagine that in many instances they are not.

Characters Round and Flat. To draw a character in the round, without trying to emphasise one aspect at the expense of others: how desirable it is, and yet how difficult! Often it results in our receiving no clear impression of the character at all. Seen in different circumstances, a man may seem to part with a good deal of his identity; seen through different eyes, he may lose it altogether. That, no doubt, is why most novelists tend to draw their characters flat, making their actions consistent, and their expressions as apparently unchanging as the face we show ourselves in the looking-glass.

"The Sancroft Sisters." In "The Sancroft Sisters," Miss Beatrice Curtis Brown has tried—and, I think, successfully—to give life and individuality to three women, who have no very marked characteristics, who are united by the closest ties of blood, who to a great extent share the same interests and move in much the same world. From the first, Joanna, the youngest, is also the most distinct. She has a restless, enquiring mind; she wants to know the why and wherefore of things; she subjects herself and everyone she meets to a searching (though generally genial) cross-examination. She is capable of hero-worship, and she gives it (with a little of her heart, perhaps) to Simon, the Admirable Crichton of the *Recorder*, a weekly review in whose offices she worked. She is young in years, and young for her age. She cannot realise that she must take people as they are, instead of trying to fasten on them haloes that don't fit. Twice she fell in love, mildly with Terence, wildly with Christopher. Each affair ended in disappointment, for it was not the man himself, but her idealisation of him, that had attracted her. Her heart was at the mercy of her mind and her imagination.

The second sister, Sorrel, had little mind and no imagination. She was neither stupid nor a fool, but she had a cat-like nature; she followed her instincts and wanted to be left alone. She quarrelled with Johnny for possessing the very trait that would have recommended him to Joanna. He tried to enlarge her mind and startle her out of what he believed to be her self-complacency. She resented his interference and broke off the engagement. I applaud her action: she was well rid of this intellectual bully.

Cicely, the eldest of the three, had passed through the storms and whirlpools of the twenties and achieved apparent serenity in married life. But an air of mystery hangs about her; she never gives herself away, she keeps something in reserve. She is a Monna Lisa from whose lips, however, fall words of wisdom her sisters might well have profited by. Criticising Antony, Sorrel's second fiancé, Joanna observes that she could not have married him—

"He knows what he knows and that is rather limiting, isn't it?"

"You don't have to marry him, and, really, with that attitude, I doubt if anyone will want to marry you," said Cicely severely.

Joanna is the most interesting of the sisters; Sorrel, perhaps, the most human; but Cicely has a nameless fascination which makes itself felt whenever she appears.

I think that everyone who reads Miss Curtis Brown's book will be impressed by its fairness, its insight, its exquisite sense of proportion, and the restraint and sureness with which the author makes her effects. There have been few interesting novels published this spring, but "The Sancroft Sisters" definitely raises the standard.

"Black Exchange." "Black Exchange" is a striking book, and would have been more than that had not Mr. Kirwan been over-anxious to put all his talents in the shop-window. His scene is Berlin in the time of the post-war inflation. His characters belong to many nationalities, but they have several connecting-links. Most of them are guests at Herr Tonn's *pension*; several earn their livings teaching in the Langweiler School of Languages; and not a few try to mitigate the wretchedness of their lot by having love-affairs with each other. Unlike many modern novels, "Black Exchange" has a "plot." Tonn's plan to marry his "unfortunate" daughter Charlotte to Hart, the rich Irishman, sets the machinery in motion. The rise of the mark, spelling ruin to unwary speculators, brings it to a stop.

It is a sensational piece of work, too self-conscious, over-emphasised, over-written. Some of the characters—*e.g.*, Harry, the Englishman—are

[Continued overleaf.

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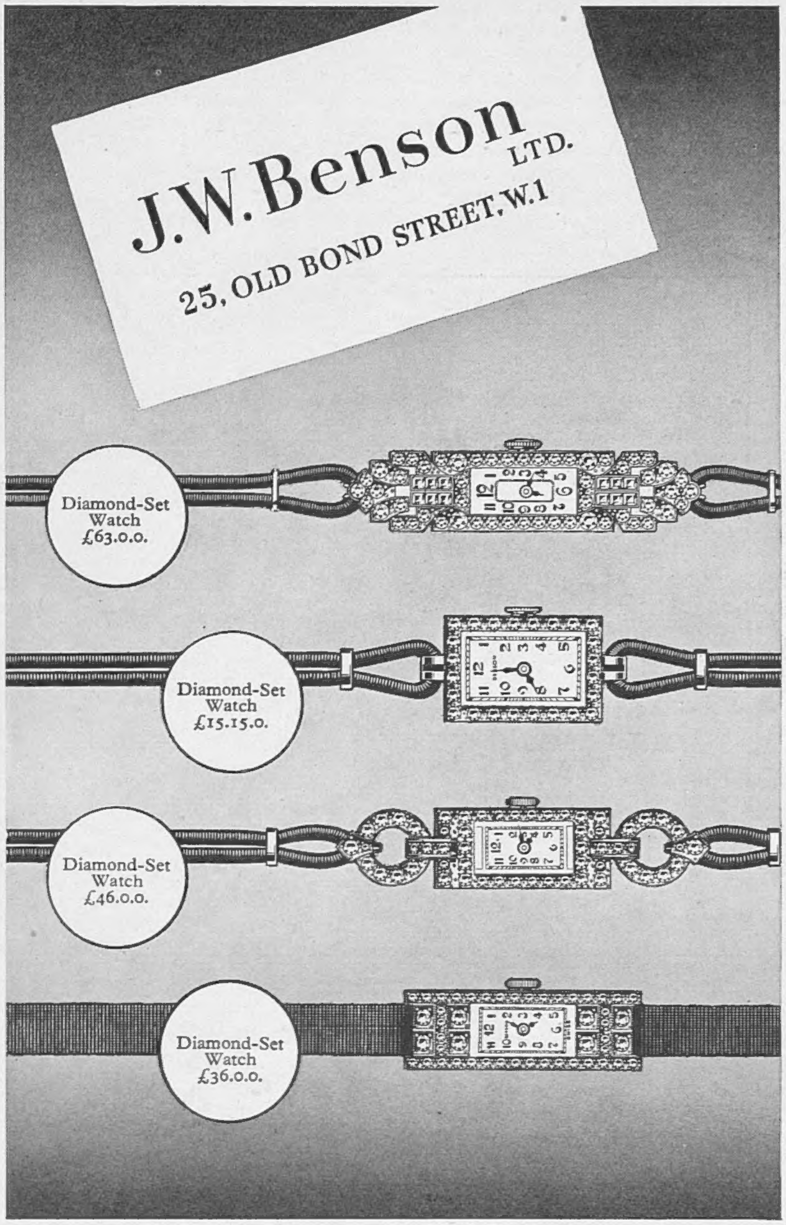

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Continued.]

mere caricatures; all give the impression of being actors wearing their stage make-up in the daylight. Mr. Kirwan evidently knows his subject thoroughly: this, we feel, is what Berlin was like. And the harangues of the Communist, Schmaltz, prove him to have more than a nodding acquaintance with the tenets of Bolshevism. We should be more impressed by the story if he were less anxious to impress us. Yet we *are* impressed. Mr. Kirwan's sombre, ambitious, impassioned manner may irritate us with its rhetorical throb; but every now and again he startles us with a flash of poetry or a profound truth admirably stated. The scenes in which Hart is gradually brought back to life and sanity by Charlotte's devoted nursing are beautifully described; Mr. Kirwan can pursue an emotion nearer to its source than can most writers, and he can make a direct statement where others have to fall back on suggestion. This articulateness in his strength as well as his danger. He might write a first-rate novel if he pushed in some of the stops. It is wearing when the instrument always goes full blast.

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BOOKS REVIEWED.

Holy Deadlock. By A. P. Herbert. (*Methuen; 7s. 6d.*)

The Sancroft Sisters. By Beatrice Curtis Brown. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

Black Exchange. By Patrick Kirwan. (*Grayson; 7s. 6d.*)

Winslow Moult. By B. L. Jacot. (*Rich and Cowan; 7s. 6d.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.

"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30.—By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Phœnix). 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE GOLDEN TOY" (Coliseum). 8.15.—Gorgeous Asiatic spectacle on a triple revolving stage.

"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" (Palace). 8.30.—Revue. Brilliant mimicry by Florence Desmond and Nelson Keys, Greta Nissen, Gina Malo, and the Diamond Bros. also helping.

"SIXTEEN" (Criterion).—8.30. Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Godfrey Tearle, Muriel Aked, and Antoinette Cellier.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero.

"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Hippodrome). 8.30.—Musical comedy with dandy Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, *et al.*

"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Wicked Restoration wit. George Grossmith, Lesley Wareing, Agnes Lauchlan.

"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.

"INDOOR FIREWORKS" (Aldwych).—8.30. Light; very amusing back-chat. Fay Compton and a strong cast.

"BIOGRAPHY" (Globe). 8.30.—Comedy produced by Noel Coward. Excellent acting by Ina Claire and the cast.

"SHE LOVES ME NOT" (Adelphi). 8.30.—One long laugh on the gangster topic.

"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—Elmer Rice's very exciting new play. Acting on high level.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"MAN OF ARAN" (New Gallery).—For its magnificent photography and fine natural acting.

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS" (Carlton).—Marlene Dietrich.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"RAPT" (Curzon).—A drama of village feud, with fine Swiss mountain scenery.

"WILD BOY" (Capitol).—Mick the Miller in a drama of greyhound racing.

"ROMAN SCANDALS" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Eddie Cantor makes whoopee in Ancient Rome.

"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" (Tivoli).—A cross-country bus ride with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable.

"PÊCHEUR D'ISLANDE" (Academy).—Pierre Loti's famous book brought to the screen.

"FLYING DOWN TO RIO" (Regal).—Fred Astaire and Dolores del Rio in spectacular musical comedy.

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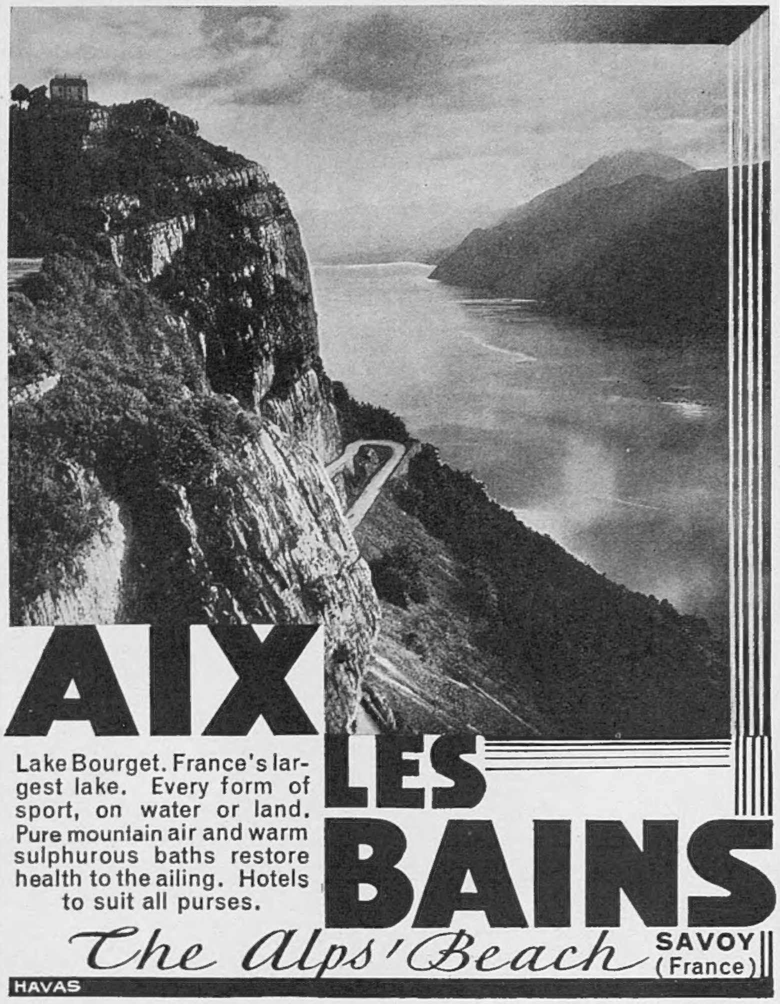

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